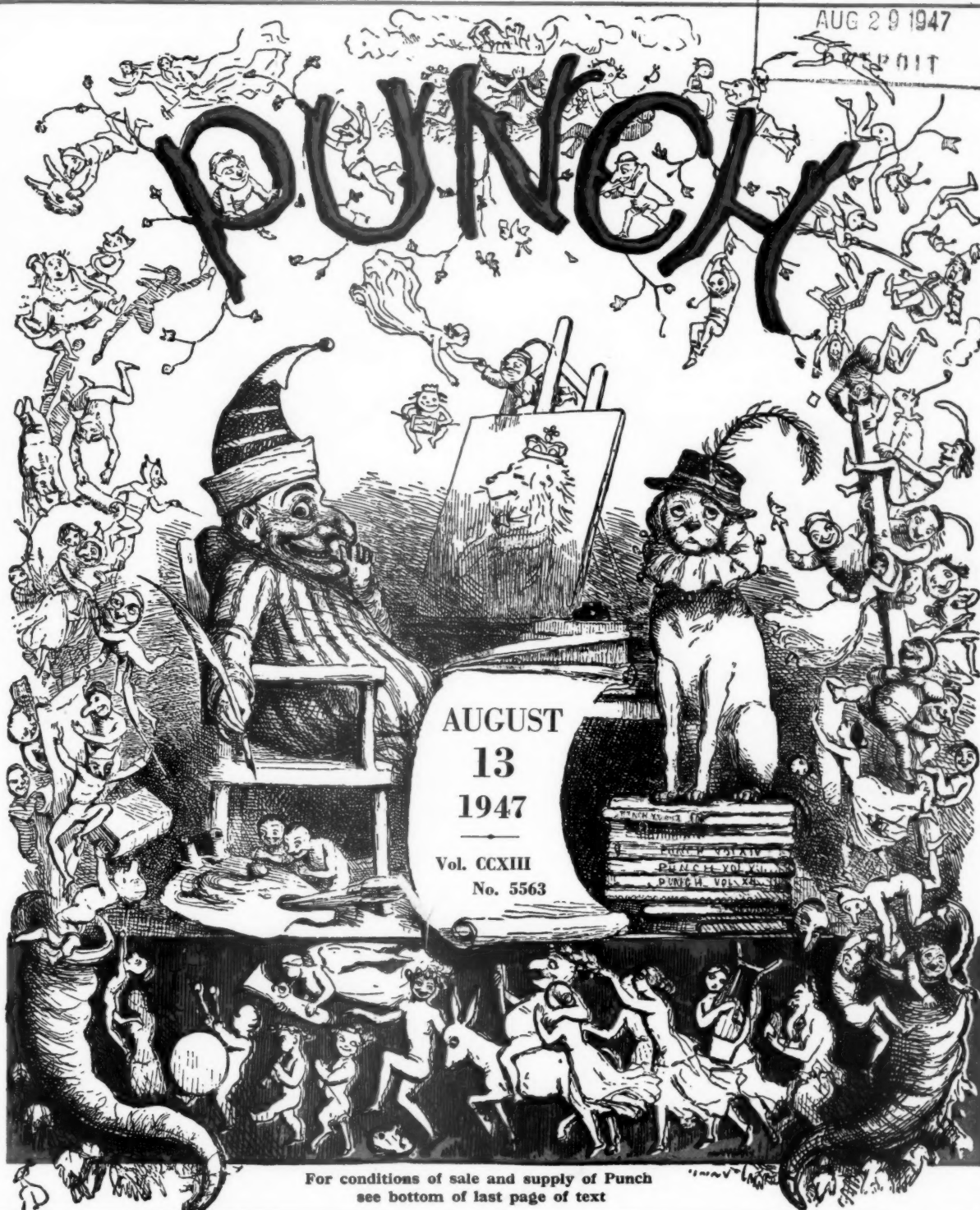


CADBURY'S MILD DESSERT CHOCOLATE

PUBLIC LIBRARY

AUG 29 1947

SPRUIT



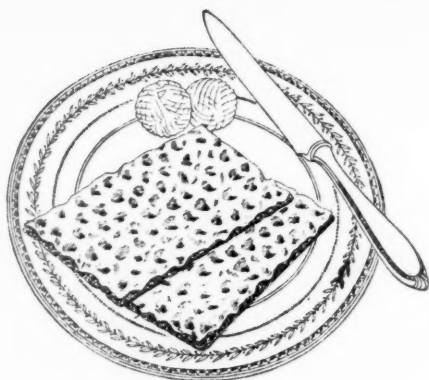
For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/- per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



Here are two good reasons why you should crunch some Ryvita every day. First for its flavour—a pleasure too great to miss. Second for the good it does you.

Because its nourishment comes in moisture-free, concentrated form, it makes you cultivate the habit of eating slowly, with full gusto.

Fine, thanks!

I eat crisp, crunchy RYVITA as my daily bread



RYVITA



Specially prepared by Abdulla for all lovers of the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 3/4

173 New Bond Street, W.1



*Unexcelled for
Delicious Sandwiches!*



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL LTD**

"That's it !

... the car with the lowest upkeep costs



I'm going to have a

MORRIS"

MORRIS MOTORS LTD · COWLEY



OXFORD



WHO is Sylvia?

You can tell three things about Sylvia before she lowers her mirror. She has beautiful hands, owns beautiful silver, and takes good care of both. All her silver is trusted to gentle, kind, considerate Silvo. It coaxes away the dimness, leaving silver's own beauty to shine for itself.

SILVO

Liquid Silver Polish



It's always good to be on the inside looking out, especially if you look out from your own pleasant home. Soon you'll be able to make it more colourful and delightful than ever with the lovely new Sundour furnishing fabrics that'll be coming your way any time now.

Sundour

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

Q No



PLEASANT MEMORIES

*The river makes sweet
music as we drift
In cushioned ease where
willows softly sway
This languid pageantry
was summer's gift
Still memories linger
of this perfect day
And at one's side . . .*

KIA-ORA

BIRD'S CUSTARD

*Best known -
best liked*



BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES

EXPERIENCE
COUNTS!

THAT IS WHY YOU
CAN RELY ON

*Barri's of
Carlisle*
Manufacturers
of Biscuits

UNPARALLELED 1851
Ask for Barri's
CHOCOLATE
CREAMS

©C938



... and all set for the hot days, delicious fruit flavoured 'Dairy' Brand Junket is the perfect way to serve that precious extra pint of milk before it 'turns.' Made in a jiffy—points free—choice of 6 fruit flavours—a 9d. tube makes 6 pint junkets. Manufactured by R. J. Fullwood & Bland Limited. Established 1785

'DAIRY' JUNKET
BRAND POWDER

Recipe leaflets from Sole Distributors, G. Havendon Ltd., 71 Baker St., W.1



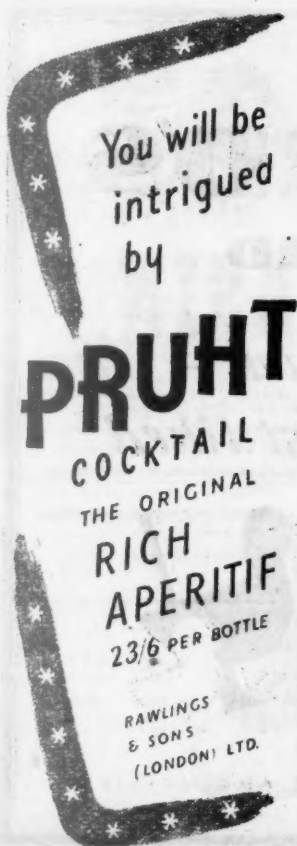
Said the
Cucumber—

It's worth queuing for
a salad dressing
as good as

SUTTONS
SALAD CREAM

1/2 PER BOTTLE

MAKERS OF "MASTER TOUCH" SAUCE,
FINE PICKLES AND CANNED GOODS



The NEWMARKET PLATE *The Ladies Race*

The Newmarket Town Plate was instituted by King Charles II in 1664 to be run on the second Thursday in October for ever. Two ladies first rode in 1924. The first ladies' win came in the following year when Miss Eileen Joel rode Mrs. Walter Earl's bay Gelding 'Hogier' into first place from a field of eight of which five were lady jockies.

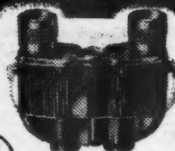


The 'NEWMARKET' *The Ladies Glass*

Very light—very compact and very good. Its entirely novel case opens the most convenient way. Since 1924 the ladies have had a race of their own—Kershaws offer them a race glass especially designed for their pleasure—and profit.

KERSHAW

37-41 MORTIMER STREET, W.1



7 x 21, weight only
10) ozs., coated optics,
£15. 15. 0 including P.T.
on case.



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmors St. W.1



a day for
looking young
and gay, but,

*"...darling, you look
tired."* HE SAID

No matter how gently it's spoken, such a home truth can still make a pretty woman unhappy. For a tired look is no different from an old look. Even young skins need Skin Deep as a protection against losing youthful freshness. Skillfully blended from oils closely resembling the natural ones in the complexion, Skin Deep really *does* your skin good. As a foundation it's a precious first-aid to loveliness; at night it's a skin food that keeps your skin soft, supple, young.

Skin Deep
BEAUTY CREAM

FOR DAY AND NIGHT USE

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET, W.1

ASD-20-1089



the coat for all occasions

Famous for its cosy-comfort—not too heavy—just right for all outdoor occasions and—secretly—the envy of all her friends.

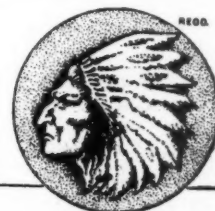
A few now available in the shops, but look for the label. (Motoluxe rugs, too, as soon as possible).



Wholesale enquiries to the makers, LEE BROTHERS (Overwear) Ltd., Queen St. Works, London, N.W.1, and from MOORE and SOUTHCOTT, 15 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1.

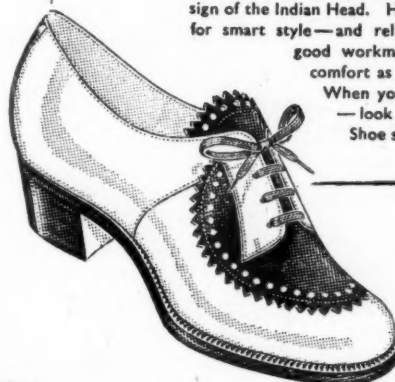


Smartness, when it's analysed,
means rayons branded **TEBILIZED**
They keep the ugly crease at bay
—as wool does in its natural way



MOCCASIN
Shoes

Your search for good shoes is rewarded at the sign of the Indian Head. Here you can choose for smart style—and rely on good leather, good workmanship, long-lasting comfort as a matter of course. When you visit a shoe shop—look for this MOCCASIN Shoe sign.



Please make your choice from the styles in stock.

27-P

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., Moccasin Shoe Makers, NORTHAMPTON



Men who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. Cool, fragrant, comforting, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE 3/11 AN OUNCE

MURRAY, SONS & CO. LTD., Belfast, Northern Ireland, where good tobaccos have been skilfully blended for over 130 years

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

VAPEX

BREATHE THE VAPOUR

FOR COLDS

Vapex quickly and safely relieves the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the vapour from your handkerchief or pillow. Use Vapex too as a protection from the colds of others. The antiseptic vapour is a simple, pleasant precaution against the spread of infection.

From your Chemist 2/3

KERFOOT • BARDSLEY • ENGLAND

GREENS LTD

Cigar & Wine Merchants
37 & 38 Royal Exchange, Cornhill,
London, E.C.3.

We are pleased to advise all readers of Punch that we expect to receive a consignment shortly of

BURMA CHEROOTS

"Call of the East"

The price will be stated when the Cheroots are ready for sale.

Mirage at Mid-off



"Possibly my sufferings caused by those ham-handed slip-fielders have deranged my senses," said the fast bowler, "but I could have sworn I saw a 'Viyella' shirt floating gracefully just above your head."

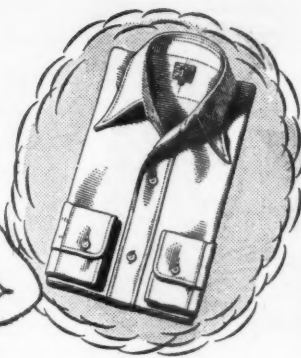
"A mirage," said Mid-off. "It's the sun. Association of ideas, in your distressingly over-heated condition, makes you pine for a 'Viyella' shirt. You know—cool when it's hot, warm when it's not."

"There may be something in what you say."

"I'm sure of it: I myself was recently startled by seeing a pair of 'Viyella' socks dancing alluringly near fine leg. Association of ideas again: my feet are killing me, I long for the comfort of 'Viyella' socks. Result—a mirage."

"Man in!" said the umpire.

"Kindly hand me that ball," said



the fast bowler, rolling up his sleeves anew, "and I will do what I can, under grave handicap. My analysis will improve when 'Viyella' shirts return."

"And for my part," said Mid-off, "I will continue to save runs to the utmost of my ability, whilst reflecting that I could do it a great deal better with 'Viyella' socks upon my busy feet."

Viyella

PYJAMAS • SPORTS SHIRTS • SOCKS

When we can make them again your retailer will be the first to tell you.



Join your favourites

ERIC BARKER
and
PEARL HACKNEY



in their favourite
vermouth...

Here you see the famous stars of "Merry-Go-Round" enjoying a glass of Vamour. You, too, will appreciate the fine quality and delicate flavour of this magnificent vermouth. Blended from choice imported Empire wines and health-giving herbs. Drink it in a cocktail or by itself. 18/6 a bottle. From all Stores and Wine Merchants. "The Best you can buy—Sweet or Dry"

Vamour vermouth

VERMOUTIERS (LONDON) LTD., 105X HOUSE,
THE MINORIES, E.C.3

Red Hackle

Scotland's best Whisky
HEPBURN & ROSS Glasgow

CURICONES

For RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO • SCIATICA • GOUT • ETC.
Obtainable from all Chemists

Lightweight
motor-cycling
at its Best...



THE FAMOUS JAMES

JAMES CYCLE CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM

BRYLCREEM

gives the
roots
a chance



Keep the roots active and you will keep your hair! Massage Brylcreem well into the scalp with the tips of your fingers by an action that moves the scalp on the skull. Brylcreem's tonic effects will encourage the hair's own natural oils to function more efficiently—"Dry" hair, "Tight" scalp, thinning hair and dandruff become things of the past. Brylcreem your hair today.

★ BRYLFOAM—THE CREAM
SHAMPOO IN A TUBE—
IS NOW AVAILABLE

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stannmore, Middx.

royds



I'VE TRIED ALL THE
BRUSHLESS SHAVES AND
IT'S ESQUIRE FOR ME FROM
NOW ON. IT'S SMOOTHER,
QUICKER, DOESN'T CLOG
THE RAZOR

It's smoother—because the rich cream gets right to the root of the beard, giving you a closer, cleaner shave.

It's quicker—because there's no brush and lather. Esquire whips the beard off in a matter of moments.

It never clogs the razor—because it's extra moist. A swish of the tap, and blade is as clean as a whistle.

Esquire

BRUSHLESS SHAVE 1/9^d

A Product of the J. B. Williams Co.

Back again!



LILAC VEGETAL
the after-shave Lotion

Apply LILAC VEGETAL for a cool, refreshing, soothing finish to your shave. Most of the better chemists, hairdressers and stores sell LILAC VEGETAL which is made to the original Paris formula of 1830. Price per bottle, 5/10d. including purchase tax.

PINAUD

PINAUD LTD., ATKINS ROAD, LONDON, S.W.12.
Members of P.A.T.A. and H.T.A.
LONDON PARIS NEW YORK



TRADE

MARK

Always

SMART

Always

DISTINCTIVE

There's no mistaking the smooth neckline—the neatness and trimness afforded by "Van Heusen."

Unfortunately these famous collars are still rather scarce, but we are doing our best to increase supplies.



"VAN HEUSEN"

Reg'd Trade Mark

The Collar of Quality



HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD.
King's House, Haymarket, S.W.1

Wear a fresh suit every day

It doesn't cost Coupons to be *always* smartly dressed if you subscribe to University Tailors "Care of Clothes by Subscription" Service. Let us collect your suits, overcoats, and costumes for dust-freeing, stain removing, minor renovations, reshaping and tailor-pressing every week, fortnight or month. Regular attention keeps your clothes like new



and usually prevents the need for chemical cleaning. News subscribers are now being accepted in strict rotation, and, if you wish to benefit early, you are advised to post the coupon *without delay*.

Annual Subscriptions:

WEEKLY Service
20 Gns.

FORTNIGHTLY Service
11 Gns.

MONTHLY Service 6 Gns.

...UNIVERSITY TAILORS LTD...

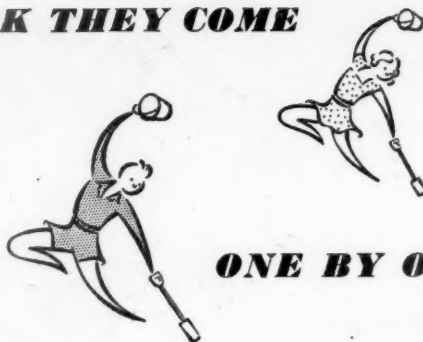
London, S.W.8



Please put my name on your priority file for The Care of Clothes by Subscription.

If previous subscriber tick here

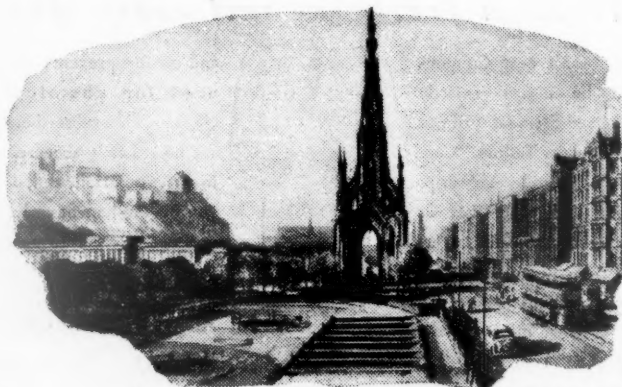
DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY
Name PERIODICAL DIVISION
Address 5201 WOODWARD AVE.
DETROIT 2, MICH

BACK THEY COME**ONE BY ONE**

The children are playing again on the golden shores, and building sand castles to their hearts' content. The old peacetime joys are returning. Things are getting better for everybody. In particular the '57 Varieties' are returning with all their freshness, goodness and appetising flavour.

**HEINZ 57 VARIETIES**

ALREADY ABOUT: Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Salad Cream, Mayonnaise, Soups, Sandwich Spread, Pickles, Vinegar, and Strained Foods for Babies.

CITIES IN WHICH WE SERVE

Princes Street, Edinburgh

EDINBURGH. From prehistoric village to Royal City. In a moment of inspiration it was named Edwin's Burg after Edwin, King of Northumbria. Sensible Pict kings hid their daughters in the castle at the first sign of danger, martial or marital—hence 'Castrum Puellarum'! The new town was planned and built by the most famous firm of architects of the 18th century, the Adam Brothers. Novelists, poets, medical men and especially the inhabitants themselves are responsible for its universal popularity. Princes Street is "the finest site in Europe"—here the visitor will find the Austin Reed shop for men and a friendly welcome.

Just a part of the
AUSTIN REED SERVICE

REGENT STREET, LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES



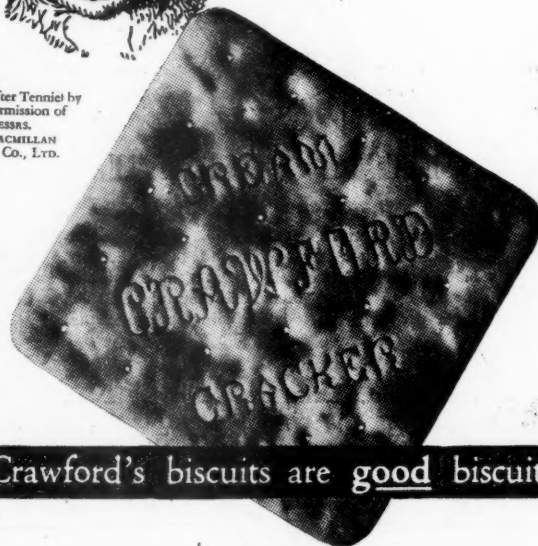
★ Sandwiches as tasty as they are health giving—that's the kind of sandwiches Marmite makes. You will enjoy them and they are good for you. Use Marmite also in soups, stews, gravies, and all meat and vegetable dishes. It adds flavour and provides essential vitamins.

MARMITE A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B₁ complex
Riboflavin - 1.5 mg. per oz.
Niacin - 16.5 mg. per oz.
In Jars: 1 oz. 8d., 2 oz. 1/1,
4 oz. 2/-, 8 oz. 3/3, 16 oz. 5/9,
from all Grocers and Chemists.

"Quite mad!" said the Cheshire Cat, disappearing slowly. "Well!" thought Alice, "I've seen a cat without a grin but never a grin without a cat. It's as silly as eating cheese without Crawford's Cream Crackers!"



After Tenniel by
permission of
MESSRS.
MACMILLAN
& CO., LTD.



Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXIII No. 5563

August 13 1947

Charivaria

THE House of Lords has fewer spectators than the Commons. There would be a better attendance of the public in the Upper Chamber if the news got round that there was a likelihood of an Opposition defeat.

A police official says the professional beggar still does very well. It is said that one of them has purchased two caps as he is extending his business.

A daily paper reports that grouse did not arrive at a London hotel in time for dinner on the 12th. Other crisis news was on page one.



"The miner is coming out on top," declares a union leader. Splendid—but couldn't he be persuaded to stay down just a little while longer?

An electric eel has arrived at the Zoo from British Guiana. It is believed to have switched itself off until the end of October.

"Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, revealed yesterday that he was born left-handed, but learned to use his right, and added:— 'I am still left-minded.'"

"Sunday Express."

Right-minded people, please note.

Studio audiences often laugh before a radio comedian has said anything at all and thus mar the enjoyment of listeners at home. They should of course wait for the radio comedian to do this.



A farmer points out that owing to the recent dry spell the smallest spark will cause clover to burst into flames. He should market some of the stuff as wicks for automatic lighters.

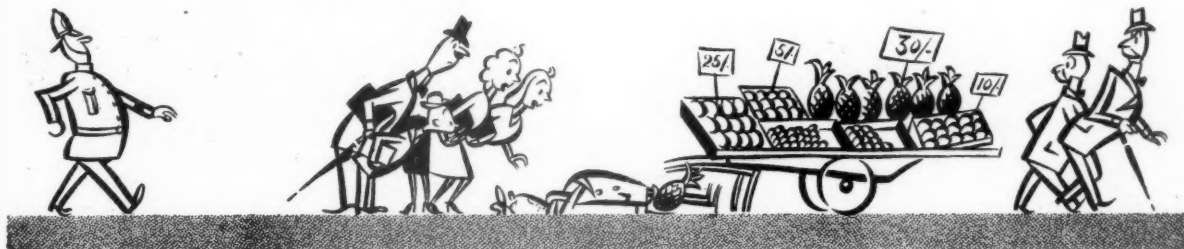
Another Thing That Might Have Been Better Expressed.

"Ministry of Agriculture officials yesterday brought up to 100 the number of beetles on Mr. J. Crabb's two allotments at Grays, Essex."—"Daily Herald."

Naturalists are said to be divided in their opinion as to whether there is any truth in the recent assertion that one jay can do more damage to crops than fifty sparrows. Farmers now fear that competitions will be held in various parts of the country to decide the issue.

"Last night's presentation was well done, and while some of the actors showed considerably more ability than others, there was more ability than others, there was anco."—*Belfast paper*.
In the pance?

A coster was found lying apparently lifeless by his barrow. The police, however, upon a quick examination of the man and his licence, were able to reassure the bystanders that only the latter had expired.



Spear Against Us

ITEMS of considerable significance often lie buried in the "News in Brief" columns of the contracted newspaper of to-day.

"By putting a native spear through the iron bars of a padlocked warehouse door at Slough, Bucks, thieves drew out two hundred packages, each containing two hundred and fifty cigarettes."

That makes fifty thousand in all. The item appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on Tuesday, August 5th.

By eleven o'clock that day I was closeted with the Assistant Commissioner at New Scotland Yard.

"What steps are the police taking," I demanded, "to fight the new methods, and new weapons, now being employed by London's underworld?"

The Assistant Commissioner turned over some papers on his desk, disclosing a half-finished sketch of a man in a bowler hat, seen sideways.

"We are asking for the co-operation of the public," he told me, "in an all-out drive to put a stop to the wave of cold-steel crimes, as they are known here, of the type which occurred recently at—er—Slough."

"Bucks," I supplemented.

"Exactly. The first essential is to prevent weapons of this kind finding their way into the wrong hands. Unfortunately, at the conclusion of the Zulu and cognate wars—" "Cognate?"

"Similar. —the response to the police appeal for the handing-in of assegais by returning soldiers was disappointing. Many retained them as souvenirs. They were suspended, often by thongs, over fireplaces or grouped fanwise on the walls of billiard rooms, entrance halls and so on. Cases have been brought to light of positive bundles of these potentially dangerous articles tied loosely with string and leant carelessly in the corners of cupboards and summer houses."

"Tchk!"

"So long as the weapons remained in the care of their original owners no very great harm was done. Thefts of assegais during the period 1900-1939"—the A.C. consulted a file—"could be counted, Zulu-fashion, on the fingers of one hand. But the position has been gravely aggravated by the break-up of country-houses and the dispersal of their contents into the hands of dealers and even less desirable characters. To-day a man planning a theft of—shall we say cigarettes?"

I nodded, struck by the Commissioner's ready descent from the general to the particular.

"Such a man has only to walk into an antique or curio shop to possess himself of as many of these weapons as he desires. The police are handicapped from the start."

"Is there any intention," I asked, "of arming police officers on duty against the new menace?"

The A.C. lit a cigarette before replying. If he denies this, I can produce the stub, which I took the precaution of slipping into an envelope at the close of our interview.

"So long as the criminal classes confine their use of the weapon to the extraction of goods through warehouse doors," he said slowly, exhaling, "no. But of course we are on the alert for any developments, and a stock of shields is held at strategic police stations ready for any emergency. Hide and bamboo," he added.

"Hide and bamboo?" I repeated, for the words rang strangely in my ears. Indeed, for an instant I took them for some form of command.

"Stretched skins," explained the A.C.

I made a note and then, as a new thought struck me, leaned forward across the natural oak desk.

"Harpoons!" I threw at him.

Our eyes met and I saw with a thrill that the man was deeply shaken.

"By Jiminy," he responded in low tones, "if they start using harpoons there is practically no limit to what they might fish up."

"Packages containing five thousand cigarettes each?" I hazarded

"That!" he said scornfully. "Why, man, they could clear Smithfield in a couple of hours."

"You mean Billingsgate," I said boldly.

For answer he tossed across a half-opened buff envelope of the kind normally used for inland telegrams.

"Billingsgate was cleared at half-past four this morning," he said bitterly.

"By harpoon?"

"By fish porters."

"You are pulling my leg, Assistant Commissioner," I cried warmly; but he had risen and pressed a button which, to my surprise, rang a bell in his own room.

"You must excuse me," he said. "The Chief Commissioner wants to see me."

"But you pressed the button yourself."

"You would hardly expect a busy man like the Chief to press his own buttons, surely?" he replied suavely.

"The readers of my paper shall hear about this," I shouted angrily at his retreating back. And they have.

H. F. E.

The Exile

HEDGE, vield and tree be not vor me,
A zimple zoul am I;
Horses and cows too huge they be,
Hayricks and hills too high.

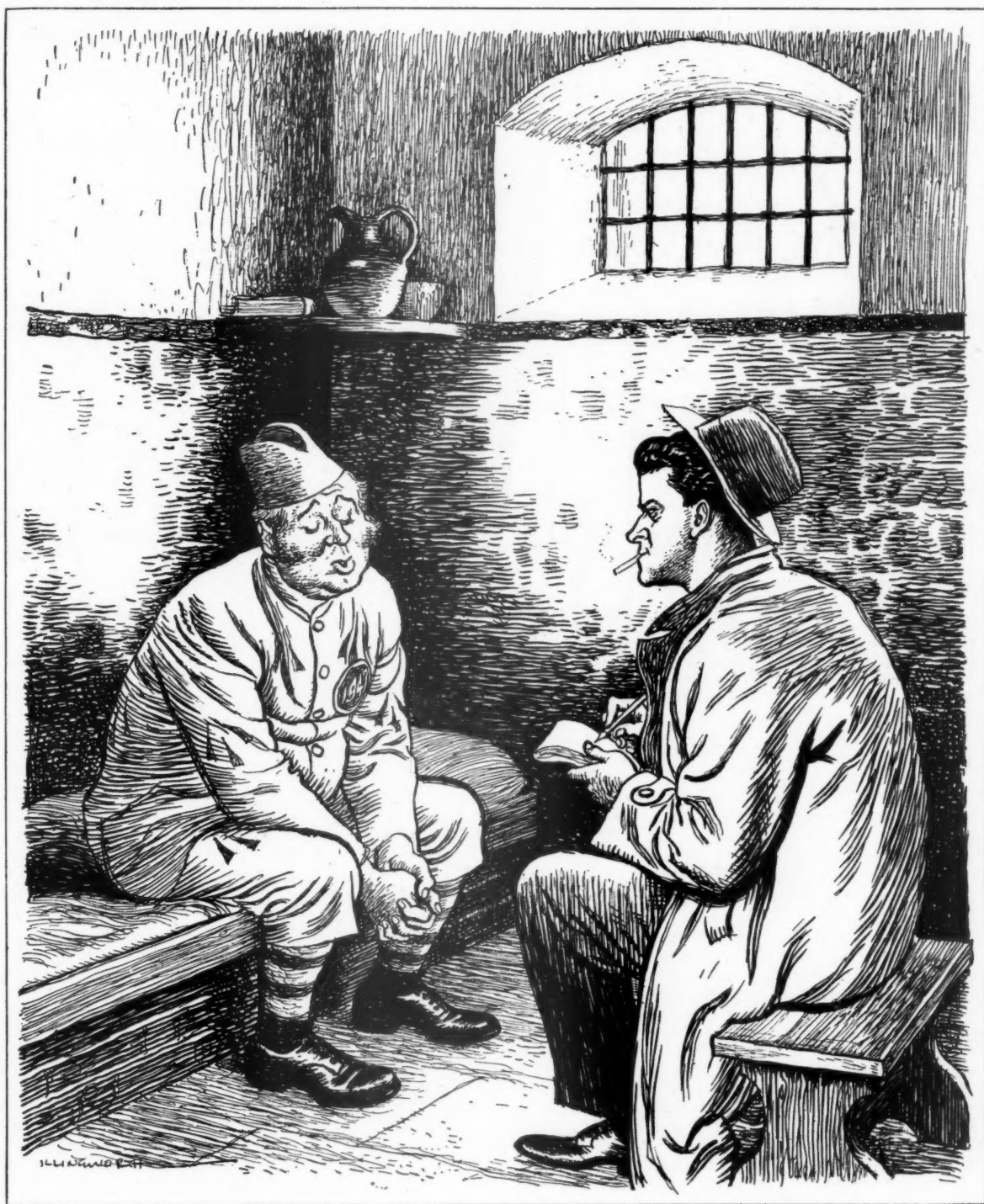
Sweet birds that sing, hey ding-a-ding,
Do grate upon my ear;
The noise of books a-babbling
Is hideous for to hear.

Rampageous cows do browse and browse
Down low in blessed leas;
Old biting dogs in farmyards drowse,
In hives swarm angry bees.

Come burnin' sun, come pourin' rain,
Wild things be everywhere;
Old hairy goat do rush down lane,
Fierce goosen hiss and stare.

Strong men do go and plough and mow,
Huge maids do milk and reap;
From midnight on hoarse cock do crow,
I cannot get no sleep.

In town where taxi-cabs run free,
There let me live and die;
Hedge, vield and tree be not vor me,
A zimple zoul am I.



JOHN BANKRUPT'S APOLOGY

"I attribute my downfall largely to American films."



"Would you mind? My table's full."

Origins

HEARING someone say that we are too apt to take calendars for granted has given me the idea of delving into the origins of some of the objects, customs, expressions and so on that surround us; and I think we might well begin with calendars. The mystery about calendars is that whoever made the first of them must have been absolutely certain of which days of the week are which days of the month, and to be absolutely certain of this you need an old newspaper or a last year's engagement-book, neither of which is likely to have been at hand in that primitive era. I mean, we have only to think of how we imagine the first calendar—something chalked on the wall of a cave, along with a picture featuring tusks—to see that the era which witnessed its invention must have been very primitive indeed.

We may say, therefore, that no one knows the origin of the first calendar, but that everyone can guess how the calendars for next year will come into being. Present-day calendar-makers need only look at the beginning or end of those little this year's diaries they (no less than ordinary people) carry round to show keenness, and there next year is all written out ready. All that worries them is whether

to put a sealyham or a woodland glade at the top and how to stick the calendar part to the cardboard. With the day-to-day tear-off sort this is a real worry, a complicated question of stress and glue. In general, though, calendar-manufacturers are probably sensible, unworrying people, happy in the knowledge that any quotations they see fit to include will enormously affect all within gazing distance, and that there is always Leap Year to look forward to.

Much more is known about the origins of clocks and watches. Even the general public knows that Alfred the Great invented a candle with rings round, and that such a clever man would hardly have had to tell the time in such a clumsy way if there had been even a kitchen clock in existence; and everyone knows too that Alfred the Great was before 1066 because he does not appear in any normal list of the Kings of England. Another thing everyone knows is that when Julius Caesar, or Brutus, or whoever it was, talked about a clock he was giving an example of an anachronism, an example taking us suddenly back to that rag-book edition of Shakespeare no one ever sees again after leaving school. I think this more or less fixes clock-inventing to the Middle Ages, that hazy period between

William the Conqueror and Elizabeth. Watches would have come after clocks, because people tend to invent a thing big and lopsided and get it down to small and tidy when they have got the hang of it. Historians say that the first wrist-watch may well have been a laughable affair, though not necessarily at the time.

NOW I want my readers to think for a minute about cup-handles. It is obvious, from the general impression left us of Saxon times, that cups began without handles but were so thick that if there had been any tea to drink out of them it would not have come through hot enough to matter. This makes the cup-handle perhaps the only invention that was invented before its time, and I mention it for that reason. It contrasts strikingly with the zip-fastener, which was invented to fasten windproof jackets after they had been found not to be really windproof without zip-fasteners. We have two more contrasts in umbrellas and three-legged stools. The origin of the umbrella was a simple desire to keep off the rain and other people; but the three-legged stool had behind it a motive which I can only describe as priggish. The earliest stool-manufacturer knew that sooner or later this simple bit of furniture would seep, artistically enamelled, into the civilized home, and that anyone standing on one to hang a picture or do anything else out of reach would fall off it—either before properly on or a bit later when the foreboding inherited from last time had cooled down—and be giving a fine example of inability to learn from experience as well as a fine chance to the people who say "I told you so."

Some historians say three-legged stools were invented before four-legged chairs, which were the natural result of the wish to go one better, and some say they were invented after by someone seeing how few legs you could really do with. This reminds me of the plain *v.* panelled door situation. The origin of the plain modern door is an idea that a plain door looks nicer; the origin of the modern panelled door an idea that panelling was nicer after all.

EVERYONE knows that we raise our hats to show we do not keep sandwiches in them, put them back to show we have finished raising them, shake hands to seem keener than if we just said "How do you do?" say "How do you do?" because (ridiculously out of touch with modern speech as it is) we are supposed to, wipe our shoes on fuzzy door-mats because fuzzy door-mats are there for us to wipe our shoes on, and trip over door-scrappers because we did not notice them; but how many of us have given serious thought to the origin of the bread-and-butter letter? This, to put it brutally, was invented to ensure that the people staying anywhere for a week-end should, by Monday evening, have approximated to the people stayed with in their output of mental calories; and it is significant that those tiny greaseproof parcels whose hand-outs over the kitchen table are such a feature of present-day week-ends do seem to have had an effect on bread-and-butter letters—a feeling on both sides that really hearty thanks on the door-step will do instead. But, because these letters are still quite an institution, I should like to say one thing about them: just that no one has ever written one without feeling awfully nice more than awfully clever.

THANKS to the spread of general knowledge, many of the phrases we used to use without knowing why have now been traced to their origins, that is, to the dictionary, which knew all along; so that we do not, for example, say a thing is Hobson's choice without getting a dim picture of someone selling horses in Cambridge or, less probably, Oxford. That is all very satisfactory; but what I want

to mention here is the sort of saying whose origin everyone has always known without a dictionary. "Don't forget it's only Tuesday," for instance, has its origin in the fact that it is only Tuesday when these words are spoken. They are spoken at, or a little above, a butter-dish getting a carefree jab. "You've got them," refers to something someone is asking someone else for, and is either scissors or matches. "Would you mind?" means a letter someone has just offered to post, a tray about to be carried by someone other than the person resigned to carrying it, and so on; it is rhetorically bright and spoken rather high in the vocal register. "Who was that?" means that someone self-sufficient has been answering the front door or the telephone, while "What was that?" means that we have come in late on a joke.

Mention of doors reminds me that to stare out of the window and cry "Look!" can mean either that someone we like is coming up the path or that someone we don't like is; but the different ways it is spoken on these occasions make it almost two different words. When we consider that "Look!" can also mean no less than that we have found a friend's relation's photograph in the paper, or no more than that we want someone to hear the whole of what we are going to say instead of the usual last half, we see that "Look!" can mean very nearly anything. But the words "Have you got any stamps?" have only one meaning. They mean that someone wants to know if someone else has got any stamps, and can have one of two results—a fact which, I admit, is pretty obvious but shows my readers that I am in touch with those little difficulties which beset them more than anyone else.

Big Four

M^{R.} WATT, Monsieur Ampère, Signor Volta, and Herr Ohm—
A highly international quartet—

Have shed a lot of light on every industry and home,
But, I own, I never understood them yet.

How often have I struggled, just a literary dolt,
To appreciate the meaning of a watt!
How often have they told me what it is about a volt
That an ampère or an ohm hasn't got!

All in vain. I know "electric", as they tell me in a tome,
Is a word that stood for "amber" in the Greek.
But nobody alive can make me understand an ohm,
And my ignorance of ampères is unique.

And though I'm very proud to know an Englishman was
there,
That with all the skill habitually his
He plays some sort of part in this electrical affair,
For the life of me I can't say what it is.

No matter. For as long as we enjoy their blessed flames
These gentlemen will never be forgot.
Well, even I with reverence can recollect their names:
Thank you, Ampère; thank you, Volta, Ohm, and Watt.

A. P. H.

Ass Observation

I AM very happy to have so distinguished a donkey as Mulligan for my guest. It is believed he will refresh himself to the tune of eight hundred square yards of assorted worts which must be removed from the face of my paddock before two lusty young men, who I am afraid would far rather be disturbing the soil of Sachshausen or Dinkels-dorp-am-Neckar, can lay the new drains without which some baby fruit-trees coming in October will have no hope of escaping death by drowning. But that is nothing beside the fact that he is easily the most intelligent person I have met for a long time, and that every day we discover further tastes in common. His attitude to work, for instance, is entirely aristocratic, which is what I like to think mine is, and he spends a lot of his time with an ear to the ground, pretending to be asleep but really tuned in acutely to trends and tendencies, social and political. This ability to stand aside from the hurly-burly I have always considered as one of the first marks of the wise. When he is not so employed, or eating, he props himself up and looks deeply into infinity, taking great draughts from Nature's sublime vacuum and wondering at the futility of the people who go scurrying like ants along the lane in front of him. Generally he sits down while he is doing this, and as I also like to see energy respectfully conserved, that bound us together from the start.

Mulligan is given a wide radius of action but is restrained from interfering with my tomatoes by a length of chain with a spike whacked into the ground. Out of reach is a tussock of prime roughage which he has been eyeing thoughtfully for some days. I therefore take my No. 5 sickle, heavily lofted, and begin to demolish it for him. This proves gruelling sport. After I have been in play a short time I am obliged to cry out urgently for a medicinal ale. This arrives weakly in a small mug, but at sight of it Mulligan, who has been merely supervising my efforts in a bored way, comes to with a bang, snorting the loamy snort of a frantic gourmet and exhibiting his remarkable dental installation in a leer of the frankest appraisal.

"Mulligan, old boy," I am forced to exclaim, "it may be that your master is a man mingy with his hops. The same shall not be said of me. Drink up."

Mulligan drinks. Normally he

appears to draw on long-range tanks, like a camel. We carry him a bucket of water every morning, but only for the pleasure of watching him kick it over with a loud guffaw. I can see he feels differently about beer. One moment it is there, the next it has gone, and Mulligan is sitting looking at me as if I were the most beautiful thing in the world. Next to beer. That reverent gaze is irresistible. After all, what is half a pint to a highly evolved donkey who spends his wakeful hours turning over the imponderables of the universe, even if to me it represents a heavy proportion of my liquid resources? With nothing but gladness in my heart I fetch him a larger mug filled to the brim.

"Mulligan," I tell him, as he sucks it in tunelessly, his matted hawser of a tail describing ecstatic circles, "you are a grand fellow. You are no ordinary quadruped. At the very least you are the most tremendous donkey the poor world has ever seen."

Mulligan lifts his head from the mug just long enough to concur.

"In my view you compare very favourably with the horse. I am constantly being informed in letters couched in exceedingly unenigmatic language, from Leicestershire and Newmarket and other centres of culture, that in spite of anything I may say to the contrary the horse is a noble animal."

Mulligan, using the full sweep of his oversize pneumatic mouth, registers an emphatic negative.

"It is true that exceptional horses are capable of absorbing certain elementary tricks, such as not treading on foxes and running a trifle faster when they hear a French-speaking colleague changing gear behind them, but one would as soon expect you to trouble your head with such puerile absurdities as ask a Fellow of All Souls' to beg."

Mulligan gives me one of his friendly nips in my south-west corner.

"I wish to goodness," I say, as he nuzzles the last drop round the mug—"I wish to goodness I were a rich brewer that I could indulge your sensibilities more freely. Things being as they are, however, and that is at a very low ebb indeed, I must warn you that a splash of this magnitude must be regarded as something quite out of the blue."

Mulligan follows up his nip with a wink—a fat, circular wink.

"It's all very well," I protest feebly, "but I must keep a little in case of

emergencies. Work makes me so very weak."

Mulligan kicks the mug nearly out of the paddock and turns on his thousand-watt smile.

"All right," I say, "a small one. One for the road."

"One for the road," echoes Mulligan, for the whole common to hear.

He deals with it as if he were a thirsty fire-engine. Then there is a crack of rending metal, and Mulligan, the well-known ruminator, the meadow visionary, the sedentary herbalist, takes the high gate at a bound. He makes a little obeisance of gratitude and farewell, dipping his great ears courteously as his hoofs make a perfect Christiania on the gritty surface of the road, and the last I see of him, maybe the last I shall ever see of him, he is a small grey dot, getting smaller, galloping due north, moving unerringly in a straight line for Burton-on-Trent.

ERIC.

The Truth About St. Bernards

WHAT mainly qualifies me to write about St. Bernard dogs is that I own one, and what induces me to write about them is the hope that there may be interested parties about.

With regard to St. Bernards the world may be divided into two classes: the people who say "What on earth do you manage to feed him on?" and the people who wittily say "Wot! no brandy?"

There is of course no particular answer to the second class, and indeed the second class would be much surprised if it got an answer. The first class can be informed that twelve pounds of horseflesh lasts a St. Bernard in good going order one week, except when the wrong doors are left open, when it lasts it one day, with two-and-eightpenceworth of beef thrown in. Its diet further includes one pound of dog-biscuits regularly every two months—its allocation from the grocer—together with any bread, fats, cheese, bacon, etcetera, left on the table (St. Bernards being constructed on lines well adapted to leaning over tables, and provided with tongues suitable for clearing them), the contents of the chicken-bath under the sink, and anything in the dust-bin that is not exclusively tin or ash.

It may here be explained for the benefit of anxious bird-lovers that the chicken-bath under the sink is not

the bath in which we bath our chickens, but is rather a small zinc bath in which we throw all odd scraps, edible and semi-ditto, with the idea of presenting it to a fowl-keeping neighbour when it gets full, which it doesn't, owing to the activities of the St. Bernard now under survey.

In appearance St. Bernards perform the incredible feat of looking as though Mr. James Thurber had drawn them. Their chief weapon is their weight, with which they set up an impassive resistance to which there is no real answer. When St. Bernards take you for a walk on their lead they select the route and decide on all the halting-places and set the pace (about 0.5 m.p.h.), and when they are worn out, which is very soon, they either go home or collapse in the road and enjoy a siesta. One of the most difficult things about exercising St. Bernards is to give onlookers the impression that they are falling in with your wishes.

The I.Q. of St. Bernards is not high. In the case of our own St. Bernard—his name is Marcus, but if he recognizes the fact he is not letting on—you could almost call it low. His reactions are delayed. There is a time-lag of some forty seconds before his outlying portions manage to get any signals through to his nerve-centre, such as that one paw has just trodden on a wasp, and by the time communication is finally established the outlying portions have forgotten they ever sent any signals.

Marcus's late owner and Marcus came round together with a length of rope between them (Marcus takes a size 82 collar, or thereabouts, and they do not seem to be obtainable) after a good many false starts. In the end, however, the law of averages made Marcus choose a walk past my house. The late owner took a quick turn round the gate-post and warped Marcus alongside. Then he enticed Marcus into the kitchen with a crust of bread, and ran away. Marcus sniffed at the crust of bread, which vanished like a crumb before a vacuum-cleaner, and looked round. It took him a very long while to realize he had been deserted. When the penny finally dropped he wrinkled his brow, which is deceptively Shakespearean. My wife and I were both afraid he was going to cry. But he was only attempting to think things out, a task well beyond his capabilities. Ultimately he decided to leave. He lowered his head and tried to walk through the closed door. The door stood up to it, but Marcus was not discouraged. He seemed to have been brought up in the belief that stone

walls do not a prison make, nor kitchen doors a cage.

However, after repeated attempts to walk through the door he gave it up. I do not think he was hurting his head—that massive dome and super-solid contents could never ache—but he just appeared to forget what he was doing. He let go of himself and went to sleep where he was. This happened to be against the bruised and battered back door, which would now have required a bulldozer to open it. We pinned a note outside recommending our daily help to enter by the front door in the morning, and left Marcus in possession.

Looking back, I consider that was his finest performance as a house-dog—that effectual blockading of the back door. He has never come near it in his waking hours; which, to be fair, are few—about two out of the twenty-four. He beams effusively on all-comers, and frolics in stately fashion round the more suspicious characters. The local children make up small parties to come and visit him, and he looks at them lovingly through the gate and asks them inside so that he can roll over on his back, stick his four feet in the air, and have his gravel-scoop-like mouth prised open and his ears wrenched.

If those interested parties referred

to in the first paragraph were to ask me if St. Bernards make good pets I should answer an emphatic "Yes." St. Bernards are faithful and loving pets to everybody within a radius of five miles. This is really a good thing in these days when rationing is not so much in force as in weakness, as nobody can afford to keep a St. Bernard long. A month is about the limit of most people. In the case of Marcus there is a long waiting-list of future subscribers, and I expect to be luring him to his next owner this week. We calculate it will be almost two years before our turn to have him comes round again.

We shall miss him. But we shall not miss the Sunday joint.

o o

The Wandering Rock

"I was so petrified that I took to my heels and ran as fast as I could."
Statement quoted in the "Psychic News."

o o

The Submerged Tenth

"The first experimental pile would be in operation later this year and the Government hoped to build up there a university of nuclear physics second to none."

Manchester paper.



"... Now all we want is the Government's permit to erect it."



"Can I help you, madam?"

The Episode of the Bad Taste

(From a detective-story called *Chafe Wax For*. On the title-page this is explained, if you can call it that, by the quotation:

Chafe wax for others' seals?

DONNE

and at the head of this particular chapter is the epigraph:

Another, he sighs and sobs, swears he hath *cor scissum*, an heart bruised to powder . . . BURTON

Feel up to it? Well, all right—begin reading here.)

Any lioness when dead and stuffed may be impudently fed upon by moths. In the life of the recumbent stuffed lioness the moth, it may be, is the dread jungle-enemy, the personification of menace, the more dreadful because it is, for the stuffed (a limited branch of the community, but not, you will agree, on that account to be utterly disregarded—even stuffed shirts demand consideration, for many of them smirkingly admit to a taste for detective-stories such as this), not easy to avoid. What lioness, upon the floor of what library, full of what books (what books!), is able to take sufficiently prompt evasive action at the approach, however soon detected, of the insidiously pilivorous moth? The fact that the destructive agent is not the moth but the grub is neither here nor there. Readers will stand just so much intricacy in this kind of paragraph, and if I made them take still another step backwards they might lose interest in going forward at all.

Here then (thought Porfirio Scroggins, the detective) was a lioness in a library . . . "all silent, and all damned," he reflected, peering at the books above. Then his eyes suddenly opened wide.

There were only seventeen books on the shelf; one had been taken. Which?

There was one way of finding out. He would look at the titles of those that remained. *The one that wasn't there* . . .

Two minutes later he sat down on the lioness, filled a pipe with snuff, and began to chew. His eyes were grave, for he suspected the presence of unthinkable evil. It seemed clear that somebody—and Porfirio now had a very shrewd idea who that somebody was—had, on being confronted with the choice between a number of detective

novels, deliberately overlooked and ignored no fewer than seventeen works of highly cultivated, academically amusing whimsicality, every corpse gilded and jewelled with quotation and nearly every meal taken in the sunshine on the rectory lawn—only to light on and go off with a vulgar thriller written largely in clichés or flat statements, with nothing to recommend it except that its plethora of violent action carried the reader unthinkingly on to the end.

What conceivable motive could he have had?

Porfirio was not certain—yet. But he had a horrible fear . . .

It was at this precise moment, the moment the temptation to call which "psychological" is almost greater than the of course eventually overriding wish to show by means of a parenthesis of formidable convolution that the writer of this clever story knows better than to do any such thing, that a man entered the library. It was, in fact, Mr. Googleby.

Mr. Googleby was one of those men—always dignified, for some unfathomable reason, with the adjective "little"—one, then, of those little men who habitually (in literature) wear bowler hats, and get involved in some catastrophically complicated and energetic *milieu*, for the presumable delectation of readers who have no concern about the intellectual or social pretensions of the fiction heroes with whom they identify themselves, who care nothing for literary monologue spiced with apt quotation, and to whom chapters beginning with long delicately-balanced passages of whimsically precious and allusive comparison are a pain, to put no blunter point upon it, in the neck.

Mr. Googleby carried a book in his hand. With the barest nod to Porfirio, he advanced to the shelf above the lioness and inserted it at the end of the row.

"So you," Porfirio said, and his voice was very calm—"you borrowed that book?"

"I," Mr. Googleby cheerfully responded, "did."

"And why, may I ask? To borrow, and to borrow—"

"Sort of book I like," said Mr. Googleby.

"But the others—"

"Wouldn't touch 'em with a rolled-up newspaper."

An almost unbelievable certainty began to take possession of Porfirio's mind. He stood up, slowly.

"Mr. Googleby," he asked in a level voice, "are you in the right book yourself?"

"I'll say I'm not. And another thing," cried Mr. Googleby (and Porfirio with astonishment registered the perception that this egregious man appeared to have no shame about revealing his undistinguished tastes, nor any about the regrettably commonplace allocutions in which—in which only, it appeared—he found himself naturally moved to express them)—"another thing, while we're on the subject: I read a murder-story for entertainment and I want it to hold my attention easily and distract me. It's like aspirin, you wouldn't want aspirin with a nice taste to it—well, that's all a whodunit should try to do. If the damn thing is so carefully written and full of culture that I have to concentrate on it I might just as well read something *worth* reading and do myself some good—and if I felt like doing that I wouldn't have picked a whodunit. What I *cannot stand*," Mr. Googleby cried, just before withdrawing from this involved narrative, "is a thing all dressed up to look like a classy work of literature with imitation characters and stuff when all you've got at the end is the answer to some fool puzzle about who killed who."

The door slammed behind him, and Porfirio stared at it, reflecting. The whole episode left a bad taste in one's mouth.

Bad taste! In more than one sense. In more than two . . .

R. M.



"I suppose it is my turn to take the blasted dog for a run?"

The Victorians at Millbank

TRADITIONAL art is the art of respectful plagiarism," wrote Frank Rutter in 1910, the year of the Post-Impressionist Exhibition. "Academicians and officially recognized painters all the world over are almost without exception exponents of traditional art. That is why we hear so little of them after they are dead." Paul Cézanne had arrived; Millais and his contemporaries lay in "The Vale of Rest" unmourned by the *avant-garde*.

Well, they have been disinterred to celebrate the first half-century of the Tate Gallery's existence; and I think it would be well if pilgrims to Millbank approached them, if not with the awe of their grandfathers, at least with respect for artists who adorned their period and left a legacy of conscientious, and sometimes inspired, painting.

The first room is devoted to some thirty of these Victorian paintings, mostly large and familiar works, presented by Sir Henry Tate, the Gallery's founder; while the Octagon and the remaining four rooms at present open to the public are hung with recent acquisitions and the exhibition of modern British paintings from the Tate lately shown on the Continent.

In this assembly of Victorian "masters" (whose works date between 1850 and 1890) Millais is unquestionably the dominant figure. If we admit that a more discerning collector would not have overlooked Whistler, and probably speculated on a few early members of the New English Art Club in addition to the gilt-framed securities at Burlington House (whose market value is hardly what it was), we must still feel grateful to Tate for his shrewd pick of the Academy walls. But for his taste the National Gallery of British Art would not be enriched by such notable pictures now on view as "The North-West Passage," "The Boyhood of Raleigh," and "The Order of Release," by Millais, and the best known (and least characteristic) Luke Fildes, "The Doctor."

It was his association with Holman Hunt and Rossetti which brought Millais into prominence close on a century ago, a storm of protest greeting the pre-Raphaelite movement. Even Dickens turned against the Brotherhood in *Household Words*. But with Millais pre-Raphaelitism was only a transitory phase, though the influence had not yet begun to wane when he painted (in 1852) the "Ophelia," floating with parted lips in a pool of water-lilies. The

neighbouring picture, "The Order of Release," painted in the following year, is a superb, closely-knit composition, and the difference in mood is marked. There is no hint of swooning sentimentality about this purposeful young woman securing her husband's release from prison; and though this series of "silent and motionless dramas" lasted only a few more years, we observe already the budding of an individual style which was to come to full flower in the 'seventies.

"The North-West Passage" (1874) is probably only a shade less familiar than "The Boyhood of Raleigh"—as inalienable a feature of school dining-halls as Latin grace. As a symbol of Britain complacent in the knowledge of her superiority as a first-class power, and eager to honour her adventurers for their private enterprise, the sentiment of "The North-West Passage" is likely to appeal most strongly to Mr. Churchill's supporters; but works of art know no gangways, and few will be disposed to deny the splendour of the composition or the sincerity of its feeling. You know the subject of course: the old seaman brooding over his chart, his lovely daughter reading to him the narrative of the last voyage of discovery, and the light streaming through the open window into the room filled with charts and atlases. But if you can forget that the picture is an epitome of once popular sentiment, and study it afresh with an open mind, you must note with delight such details as the consummate modelling of the hands and the subtle indication of textures and—standing back—the nobility of the whole design.

Though the supreme handling of paint may reconcile us to a Millais picture whose sentiment is false, when it happens that his hand is as untrue as his heart—as, for instance, in "The Knight Errant"—Millais is quite deplorable. But almost always, when all his great powers are not fused, there will be found some redeeming feature; and "The Vale of Rest" (which I must confess to finding a masterpiece of bathos) may be named as one of his several pictures at the Tate which can never cease to enchant for the beauty of their colour schemes.

Elsewhere on the walls are two large, decorative and by no means negligible canvases by John Waterhouse—"The Lady of Shalott" and "Consulting the Oracle"; a crowded "Scene at Abbotsford," by Landseer, and a couple of Orchardson's which touch one like the distant strains of a barrel organ on a winter evening.

And of course there is "The Doctor." Whether reproductions of the picture are an inalienable feature of the dining-rooms of retired medical practitioners I really couldn't say. N. A. D. W.



"... and then I very clearly signalled that I'd changed my mind."

An Innocent in Britain

(Mr. Punch's special correspondent is on tour to find out how the land lies for visitors from overseas.)

X—Wales, Wales

THE train was packed; the corridor was stifling. Mrs. Upscheider and Miss Franklin smiled sympathetically from their perch on the Earhart ("airplane construction") travel case as I struggled for position against four young holidaymakers, their father, a sliding-door and a mass of beach equipment.

"Spades as sharp as that shouldn't be allowed," I said, involuntarily kissing a "No Smoking" label. "They're positively dangerous: it might be something more serious than a pocket next time."

The parent brushed aside a fishing-net and grunted. Our summer manoeuvres were resumed.

At the next stop a door opened, a bucket fell out and a party of six forced its way in. No room for positional play now: I found myself wedged between a man in an open-neck shirt and a bowler and a door marked "Vacant." Luckily I had most of my back to the engine.

I have seldom felt more miserable. Physical discomfort is bad enough: when it is matched by wretchedness of mind life becomes almost intolerable. Here was I, with absolutely no qualifications for the job, leading an important goodwill mission to North Wales. Could I find anything, anything, to tell my American friends about Wales and the Welsh? For an hour or more I hunted disconsolately

by a tough and wiry people known as the Welsh. Wales is the British *Maquis*. In stature the Welsh are either short enough to fit snugly into a coal-seam or tall enough to make fine guardsmen: there are no Welshmen of average height. They are a highly self-educated people who use long words composed entirely of consonants, call each other *bach*, sing majestically, feel down-trodden (except at rugby football), make mighty fine politicians and good public relations officers. And that was about all—apart from a few odd words and phrases like *Eisteddfod*, *Aneurin Bevan*, *Taff Vale*, *Merthyr Tydfil* and *Plinlimmon*. It wasn't much . . .

"I say, you feeling all right, old chap?" said the proud but harassed parent. "This heat getting you down?"

I tried to say something pretty derogatory about the organization of the railway services, but the naked truth sprang from my lips like an ugly toad.

"Oh, if you want to know something about Wales," he said, "I'm your man. We've been there every August for twenty years—Rhyl mostly, but pretty well everywhere, if you count excursions."

I listened attentively for a few minutes, my hopes rising rapidly. Then I whipped out my notebook and asked him to start again.

"You've got to remember," he said, "that in spite of their mixed breeding (Iberians, Goidels and Brythons are inextricably interwoven) the little dark people are really just one big happy family—especially for income-tax purposes. An inspector-chap once told me all about the insuperable difficulty of trying to disentangle the various claims for relief in respect of dependants, and said that it was fairly obvious why the Welsh had never bothered to invent new surnames. Chonse, Effanse, Morrgan, Helloyd, Davies and Williamse and the rest of the choir pool their relatives (on paper) as readily as the suburban English pool their radio."

"Then you must remember," he went on, risking a new libel action with every breath, "that the little dark people nurse their grievances much more tenderly than other minorities, though without any very real political purpose. In other words, grievance-nursing is really a mode of national expression, a medium of Welsh art. . . ."

"Could you possibly go a little slower," I said.

"And speaking of Welsh art, there is probably no art in the world which has so many revivals. Since 1918 Welsh poetry has revived at least half a dozen times, drama three times and music twice—to my knowledge. The Welsh sing very beautifully in close harmony, and like another sorrowing people, the Negroes, they do it all day long, at home and at work. The closest harmony of all is heard in the mines of Merthyr Tydfil and Ruabon where the narrow seams will not accommodate more than minor thirds, diminished fourths at the outside. An *Eisteddfod* or Welsh jam-session is a grand get-together of all the artists in the Principality or minority. Welsh poets are called bards and become druids after graduation. The national musical instrument is the harp, hearp or 'arp."

"Couldn't you tell me something specific about North Wales—I mean, that's where we're going?"

"Well, yes. North Wales is famous for Snowdon, Anglesey and the coastal resorts. Let's take Snowdon first. . . ."



"The closest harmony of all . . ."

through the dark recesses of my memory. It was a routine examination, conducted more in anguish than in hope, and when at last I got up from my knees the little scrap-heap of facts and fictions seemed pitifully inadequate.

Wales, it indicated, is a mountainous country inhabited

At this point the static disorder of the corridor fermented into unrest again. A troupe of young gymnasts stormed my corner and made the "Engaged" and "Vacant" indicators flicker like a cinematograph. When the com-

much, in my view, as a superfluity of things that mustn't on any account be missed—birthplaces, peculiar rock formations, ruins, beds that Queen Elizabeth or George III slept in, and so on. All the good derived from a holiday in such a spot is undone by the mental and nervous distress caused by the lies and evasions needed to meet such questions as: "Isn't —" (somebody's cottage, stone or folly) "simply heavenly?" and "I'm just dying to know what you thought of —." Well, Rhyl, Colwyn Bay and Llandudno have exactly the right number of attractions for my money. They aren't cluttered up with history or swamped by literary associations. They offer sand, sunshine, sea, a few castles, a reference or two to Dr. Johnson and George Borrow, and they leave it at that.

We met with only one major difficulty in North Wales—the language. I read somewhere that forty per cent. of its people are bi-lingual and that of the rest ninety per cent. have 10 English and ten per cent. less Welsh. (Work that out.) All I can say to this is that the bi-lingual element makes itself pretty scarce or puts its tongue firmly into its cheek at the approach of the English-speaking world. Can you call people bi-lingual merely because they use the British monetary system with great effect?

Mrs. Upscheider and Miss Franklin, with a bach goch phrase-book, made mawr efforts to pont the bwllh, but all they got for their trouble were dhu looks and the drosgl.

Hon.

motion had subsided I was more than ten feet from my adviser and Snowdon had become a closed book. . . .

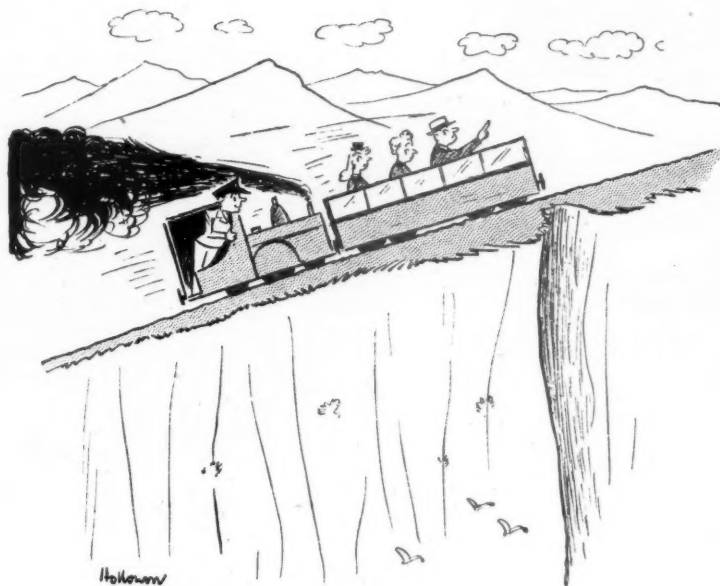
Even now, with our visit fresh in my mind, I know very little about Snowdon except that it is wet—at least five times or eighty inches wetter than London. Chatting with the long-suffering quarrymen of Llanberis we learned that the rain is multi-coloured—goch, dhu, glas and llwyd. Goch, a blood-red hue, tends to predominate.

Snowdon is the most popular mountain in Britain—chiefly, I suppose, because there are so many good routes up it. Our experience is that those from Llanberis, Beddgelert and Gorphwysfa are the most strenuous, while the Glen Aber and Snowdon Ranger routes are the most pronounceable. After a close scrutiny of the contour map we decided to risk the ascent from Llanberis, up the long ridge of Llechog to Clogwyn, along the precipitous flank of Crib y Ddysgl, and so on to Y Wyddfa.

Mrs. Upscheider astonished me: she stood the strain remarkably well, without so much as a whimper of self-pity. And when at last we reached the summit and stepped from the train she was the first to rush into the café and minister to our bodily needs. After an excellent meal we examined the glorious panorama of seething mist, carved our initials on a lump of Ordovician lava, wrote postcards to California and New England, and prepared for the interminable descent. No really enthusiastic mountaineer, I believe, likes to go up and down a mountain by the same path, so for the return journey we changed seats and looked left, away over the Brwynog valley and the far Moel Eilio range.

Altogether an unforgettable experience.

Rhyl, Colwyn Bay and Llandudno are ideal holiday resorts, for their attractions, unlike those of so many competitors, are not endless. Nothing tells against a place so



Holloway



Holloway

"... with a bach goch phrase-book . . ."



"Of course, I'm terribly glad I got my degree, mother, but can you honestly see any man falling in love with a girl who's going to be a nuclear physicist?"

Fishing from the Quay

NO art of wet fly,
dry fly
cast cunningly,
no lure of dancing Parmacheenee Belle
matters.

The anglers fishing from the quay
are placid as the sleepy underswell
which smacks the black-tarred timbers,
and the stone
flanks of the sea-wall,
and falls lazily back
into the following trough
with gurgle and glug
as sucked-down water seeks the bath's drawn plug.

Gay and absurd as sticky seaside rock,
orange,
and humbug-striped,
and peppermint,
the foreshore spreads its patterned gingham frock
of airy, flowered, frivolous summer print,
sprigged with deck-chairs,
and sand-castles,
and beach
cricket.

The band by the bathing-pool just tweaks
the ear with sounds
like the gulls' sky-floating screech
or Punch-and-Judy squeaks.

Out in the bay white sails go south-about:
sharp as a bowstring
the horizon's line
marks sea from sky.

Your leaden fish shoots out
in a long parabola.

Dark as wine—
the simile is Homer's, I know, not mine—
stretches the sea,
wide as philosophy
can reach—
hold tight!
Hurray!
I've got a bite.

Yes. But here I find
from the sea, and the quay, and the day
and the wriggling fish—
isn't it preposterous?
Escapist?—
all I wish
or my fellow-anglers, like me half-asleep,
deep peace of mind.

R. C. S.

"In nature nothing remains standing for very long."—B.B.C. talk.
We always knew queues weren't natural.



MICAWBERS ALL

"I have no scruple in saying in the presence of our friends here that I am a man who has for some years contended against the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. . . . Sometimes I have risen superior to my difficulties. Sometimes my difficulties have—in short have floored me. . . ."

MONDAY, August 4th.—

The memories of Old Parliamentary Hands naturally went back to that other August Bank Holiday, in 1914, when the House was also in session and when World War the First was about to begin. It could not be said that the resemblance was close, for the House to-day was, in the early stages, at any rate, in risible mood. Everything brought a roar of laughter. Even the old familiar things like a Minister saying that "every relevant consideration would be taken into account" or "this matter is under active consideration" brought a round of uproarious laughing applause.

Mr. RUPERT DE LA BÈRE was clearly gratified by the unwonted ovation aroused by some of his more familiar staccato war-cries—"THOR-oughly unsatisfactory!" for instance. Mr. SKEFFINGTON-LODGE made a joke about "white and buff Orpingtons" which everybody except Sir WALDRON SMITHERS, the Member for Orpington, thought excruciatingly funny. Sir WALDRON thought it was just excruciating, and said the joke was "puerile."

Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, the Minister of Agriculture, surprised the House with the announcement that "We can't distribute what we don't possess." This was taken as an elementary curtain-raiser to the debate on the economic situation to be held later in the week.

Then, in dead silence, Mr. EVELYN WALKDEN rose and explained that he was the unnamed M.P. who had been mentioned in a report of the Committee of Privileges as having received £5 a week from a London evening newspaper for advice on political matters. There had been great speculation about the identity of the Member, and this climax to the Parliamentary "whodunit" held the whole House in concentrated attention.

When Mr. WALKDEN had completed his personal statement (which was once or twice, in defiance of Parliamentary convention, interrupted by fellow-Labour Members), Mr. HERBERT MORRISON quietly moved that the statement be referred to the Committee of Privileges. This was agreed to.

The House then got itself involved in a long argument about all sorts of subjects, including the Lords' very latest amendments to the Transport Bill. This went on so long that before it ended the hands of Big Ben pointed to 6.45 A.M. on

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done:

Monday, August 4th.—House of Commons: A Happy Bank Holiday.

Tuesday, August 5th.—House of Commons: A Shock from the Government.

Wednesday, August 6th.—House of Commons: A Fateful Statement.

Thursday, August 7th.—House of Commons: The Debate Continues.

TUESDAY, August 5th, and when the House reassembled in the afternoon the laughter, admittedly mixed with frequent yawns, was merrier than ever. When Mr. DALTON innocently spoke of "enabling Mr. Speaker to catch my eye," joy was unconfined. It should of course have been the other way round—but then a good many things are topsy-turvy these days, without seeming at all laughable.

But a lot of smiles died out abruptly when Mr. MORRISON bowed, and thus



Impressions of Parliamentarians

15. Mr. R. H. S. Crossman (Coventry, East).

presented to the House the Supplies and Services Bill, which seemed to put Britain back on to the old familiar war-time footing—only more so. There seemed to be no limit to the powers the Government was to have to put everybody and everything into the public service.

What wiped out *all* the smiles, without exception, was the closely-following announcement that this Bill would mean the postponement of the well-earned recess. But dooty, as stage policemen say, is dooty, and with a sigh of resignation the House turned to the unexciting business of the day—after first listening to a statement by the Minister of Transport that railway fares and rates are to make yet another upward sweep.

WEDNESDAY, August 6th.—This was The

Great and Fateful Day. There was no mistaking the atmosphere. Some five hours before the House met a hopeful queue formed outside the public gallery entrance. By midday there was a crowd at the other entrances, waiting for the celebrities to arrive. And

by the time the sitting began, every seat on the floor, in the gangways and in the galleries was filled. Mr. ATTLEE entered to complete silence—but that omission was more than made up for when in due course he rose to speak. Then, he got a roar of cheers.

But Mr. OLIVER STANLEY spoke first, from the Conservative Front Bench. He was at his brilliantly witty best, and gave even the humorous and joke-taking Mr. DALTON a rough time. He said he took the gravest view of the drain on dollars, and proclaimed Mr. DALTON the worst of the "Guilty Men" (the Labour men clearly recognized that homing hen) because of his cheap money policy. Mr. STANLEY thought the Government was too willing (anachronistically) to emulate the people of old and wait for manna to be exported from the United States (presumably on a lease-lend basis). But it was inconceivable that Britain should be the permanent pensioner of another country, however great and generous.

With mock solicitude Mr. STANLEY expressed concern about the absence of a really good alibi for the Government. The weather—that old and tried friend of Mr. SHINWELL, the Fuel Minister—was no good. Even the "Tory legacy" was wearing a bit thin, especially as most of the prominent members of the Government had been clamped to the Treasury Bench for the last seven years. The "rise in U.S. prices" was the only alibi left. Anyway, the Opposition was prepared to do nothing to save Socialism, but anything to save the country. Talk about "piffle and poppycock"—which some Ministers used for wit—would not help.

Then Mr. ATTLEE rose, armed with a thick wad of notes. It was, as always, a thoughtful and well-reasoned speech that he delivered—but, except for a few odd sentences, it was apparently meant for a secret session, for it was almost completely inaudible. Indeed one critic remarked that the Premier was so carried away by his peroration that his voice rose to a whisper.

It was not a very cheerful tale Mr. ATTLEE had to tell. The dollars were running out like water through a leaky



"Pray stop me if you've heard this one, Master Chaucer."

barrel, and—because we in Britain had given our all in the cause of world freedom—we had no means to stop the leak. The United States dollar loan would certainly run out this year, instead of lasting until 1950 or so, and that created a situation that called for grave consideration, but not for panic.

Then Mr. ATTLEE listed the positive and negative steps the Government planned to right the balance of trade. We were to build up stocks of coal, raise the steel-production "target" and concentrate all our energies on making the things buyers in the dollar countries wanted to buy and for which they would give us precious dollars. We should also cut imports of tobacco, petrol, food. Maybe there would have to be cuts in the basic rations, but, if so, the heavy workers would get a preferential ration scale. Three-quarters of the earnings of imported films would have to stay in Britain for the present. We should aim to produce another £100,000,000 worth of food at home by 1951-52. And we should cut our armed Forces to 1,007,000 by early 1948, instead of the 1,087,000 originally aimed at.

The Labour benches had been apathetic, registering no emotion of any kind—but they suddenly emitted

a deep growl of "Too much!" when the aimed-at total was announced. Mr. ATTLEE glanced around, flushed, and went on with his speech, which he concluded with an assurance that the Government would do everything possible to ensure that "spivs" were pressed into the nation's service. This was a topical touch that pleased the House—even if it also puzzled some of the more pedantic of its Members.

The debate which followed could scarcely be said to be a triumph for the Government. Mr. HERBERT BUTCHER likened the plans to an effort to span a 12-foot space with an 8-foot ladder. Mr. JACK JONES, from the Labour benches, was even more downright, remarking that it was useless to put the head in the sand and declare that everything would be all right. What was needed was an honest-to-God sustained effort, and the Labour Party should have the courage to admit its failures and try to put them right.

Mr. QUINTIN HOGG pithily commented that it was impossible to have national unity and nationalization at one and the same time, and Mr. R. W. G. MACKAY, a Labour man, announced that he was "completely disappointed" with the Government's plans.

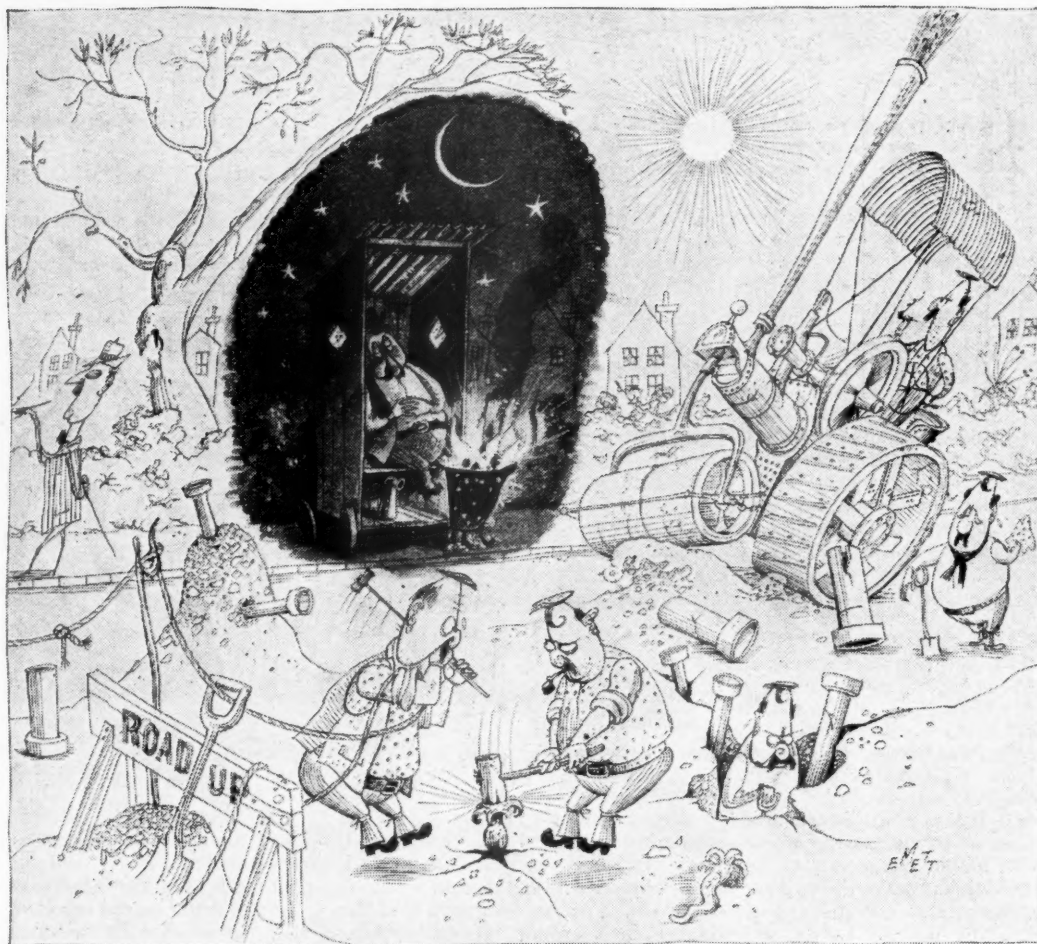
THURSDAY, August 7th.—The economic debate was resumed, with Sir JOHN ANDERSON and Mr. HUGH DALTON as the "opening pair."

Mr. DALTON stayed in so long—more than two hours—that he seemed likely to make an oratorical century. But at a critical moment he found that his own side was bowling against him, as well as the Opposition, and this seemed to upset his strategy somewhat.

The Government back-benchers made no secret of the fact that the cuts in the Forces were too small. They shouted and interrupted, and at one point the Chancellor sharply reminded them that there was no point in making the issue more confused than it was. But the speech came to an end, and Mr. DALTON got a cheer as he went back to the pavilion.

Sir JOHN ANDERSON and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES played what might be called stylish cricket for their respective teams, and—after a lot of amateur stuff from the back-benches—Mr. EDEN and Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS went in for a last-wicket stand. But then Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, the Government umpire, pulled stumps.

And the Government's plans—to change the metaphor—were approved by the majority of the House.



"... Night-watchman's bin staggered, I see."

The British Don Cossack

WHEN Denmark was occupied by the Nazis I happened to be in South Africa. I joined the South African army and had the opportunity of getting my own back on those who kept my country oppressed. I was in the Western Desert for a long time—so long that it seemed a lifetime—and I took part in the El Alamein show. I liked the South Africans. They understood how I felt but didn't show it by patting me on the back in that benevolent manner that makes one feel impotent and furious. After I had become an officer I seconded to the British. I liked them too. They made me feel one of them.

Amongst the British officers I met

in London was Captain "Buster" Blake. He sported a moustache that would have qualified him for membership of "The Handlebar Club," but he was really a timid fellow except when he had had a few drinks. That happened quite often. Then he would talk a great deal and tell a lot of stories. This is the one he always told and he swore it was true. Perhaps it was.

It appears that the powers that be sometime during the war made Buster join one of the Intelligence units. His job was to interrogate German P.o.W.s.

Many of these Germans were nasty types, but as they often possessed a lot of knowledge which would be of vital importance to the Intelligence, ways and means had to be found of making

them talk. Apparently the British were not allowed to use the methods which the Gestapo so often—and sometimes with success—had employed against my countrymen. According to Buster, they weren't allowed to torture prisoners or cause them bodily harm or pain in any way. Consequently they had to resort to psychological methods. My friend maintained that they worked pretty well too.

Amongst Buster's colleagues was a certain Major Ledgewood. A kinder, more gentle and charming soldier could not be imagined. But Major Ledgewood was also something of an actor.

He played the part of a Russian general—and if there was anything

these Germans feared it was the Russians. Ledgewood had grown a big, black full beard which completely covered his ascetic features, and to the minds of the Intelligence people he looked exactly like a genuine Cossack general—but then admittedly they had never met any Cossacks.

When Buster was confronted with a really insolent German—for instance, an S.S. from whom he could draw nothing but impudence, he would glance sadly and entreatingly at the culprit, shake his head and sigh: "Well, then there is nothing for it but to send you to the Russian!" The S.S. would try to make it appear that this information was of no earthly interest to him, but it was clear that the idea of intercourse with Russians in any shape or form did not appeal to him.

Buster summoned the sentry and ordered him to deliver the German to the Russian general. At these words the cunning Tommy shuddered and the German began to look as if he missed his home in bomb-ravaged Berlin. He was taken along to Ledgewood. Buster would hurry to the secret hatch that enabled him to peep into the Major's office. Ledgewood's great Russian scene was not a thing to be missed.

In one corner of the room—trying unsuccessfully to look arrogant—stood the German. Ledgewood sat behind his desk. If the real Don Cossacks had seen him at that moment they would surely have shivered with fear. He sat slightly bent forward with his great sinister beard resting on the desk. He wore shining riding-boots carrying the longest spurs Buster had ever seen. In his hand he held a horse-whip which he continuously cracked against the boots. He didn't look up but growled ominously somewhere behind the beard. On the table in front of him was a full whisky-bottle and two filled glasses (they only contained tea, but it looked like the genuine thing).

Suddenly the general looked up and after having favoured the S.S. with one penetrating glance he caught sight of the bottle and roared with a guttural accent "Ha, ha, whisky!" Whereupon he emptied the bottle in one gulp. The German blinked. The general let his eyes wander until they fastened themselves on the two full glasses. "Ha, ha, more whisky!" he blustered delightedly and emptied them, whereafter he smashed the glasses against the wall, oblivious of the fragments that whistled in the air like shrapnel during a counter-attack. This little performance over, he resumed the cracking of the whip against his riding-boots

without deigning to glance at the prisoner. Thus passed a couple of minutes—for the German, very unpleasant ones.

Finally the general stared at him again and snarled "So you won't talk, eh?" The German mumbled something about "*seine Ehre, Kammeraten gegenüber*," and something about "International law." For a second the general looked amazed, then suddenly without warning he jumped up and shouted "So, so, my good friend, if you won't talk you must have KATUSHKA!" (None of the Intelligence people knew the meaning of the word "Katushka"—nor did the prisoner—but they all thought it sounded really Russian and menacing.) The prisoner did not appear to relish the idea either, particularly when the General, after having repeated the word "Katushka," drew his fingers significantly across his throat.

"Sentry!" bellowed the general, and when the Tommy entered he ordered him harshly to "take this thing away and let it have KATUSHKA!" The German trembled like a leaf in a hurricane. The talented Tommy would look thunderstruck for a second, then he would fall on his knees in front of the general, catch hold of his riding-boots and moan in German: "Herr General, Herr General... No, no more KATUSHKA... Not, not to-day... I—I just can't stand it... it's too cruel... I know that this man is our enemy... but... there must be a limit... it turns my stomach... and then all that blood on the carpet afterwards—it drives me mad."



"According to statistics the number of statisticians has increased by almost a hundred per cent. since nineteen-thirty-nine."

This usually sufficed. At this stage the German, who was saturated with propaganda about the cruelty of the Russians, usually started to talk—and to talk quickly. The thought of Katushka was unbearable.

It was no wonder Ledgewood was good in this show. He had, when Buster arrived, played the part of a Cossack general at least a hundred and fifty times. He had joined the unit as a lieutenant. After the first fifty performances he had been promoted to a captain and after a hundred and fifty to a major. When Buster left he was sincerely hoping that the war would last long enough to enable him to become a real general.

o o

The Casuarina Tree

Southern Rhodesia

WHENCE come you,
Wind from the sea,
Singing through
The casuarina tree?

Across what lands forlorn
Where your breath passes
Over granite and gnarled thorn
And bending grasses...

Ranges aloof, alone,
By man's foot untrod,
And pools none has known
But the stars and God...

Grey forsaken kraals
Of the ancient races,
Where the past's shadow falls
On their vacant places...

Streams where the duiker drink
In deep secret kloofs,
Stepping down to the brink
On slim delicate hoofs...

Uplands empty and bare
To the rain and the sun,
Where the bright lizards here and there
Flash and are gone...

With your restless voice waking
The wandering heart once more,
Like the sound of surf breaking
On a far-off shore,

Why come you,
Wind from the sea,
Singing through
The casuarina tree? C. F. S.

TOWARDS the end of a September evening in the year 1919 *Dr. Cyril Angelus*, general practitioner, of Glasgow, settles contentedly by his fireside and picks up *Punch*. Perfectly laudable, one would say, and yet—in the circumstances—odd. Odd because what the Scots so charmingly call the “cadaver” of the doctor’s mother-in-law is lying upstairs, newly dead; his bereaved wife is in an uncommonly delicate condition; and he himself has just recovered from a fit of weeping in the presence of an eminent Glasgow colleague, and a fine show of sorrow before his own youthful partner.

But then *Dr. Angelus*, dabbler in poison and philosophy, is a very curious man. He is endowed with the gleaming dome and the burning eyes of Mr. ALASTAIR SIM; his voice now coos like a forest of ring-doves, now slides into a soapy purr, now spurts into explosive petulance. He can be unctuous and playful, yet always there is something macabre about him, so that in his passages of archness he resembles a coy death’s head or a grimly grinning mask. He has a lugubrious stalk, but he will also skip about his consulting-room like a spring lamb—so light a foot will ne’er wear out the everlasting flint—and in pleasurable moments he has a knack of closing himself like a folding rule. In fine, he is Mr. SIM bringing all the batteries of his personality to a part that must have been designed for him. Nobody can poison more roguishly, murder with more agreeable eloquence.

Mr. JAMES BRIDIE has also written a long and endearing part—*Dr. Angelus* is something less than endearing—for a *Dr. Johnson* who is no relation to the Great Bear. This *Johnson* is a pleasant cub, a loyal, earnest young man with no idea at all that his consulting-room is in the shadier reaches of Sinister Street. He is, in fact, *Angelus*’s partner solely that he may sign domestic death certificates at appropriate intervals. The average seems to be two a month. There is a charming moment when *Angelus*, his wife dead upstairs (neatly poisoned for reasons of his own) takes a certificate

At the Play

Dr. Angelus (PHOENIX)—*My Wives and I* (STRAND)

and murmurs coaxingly, “Gastritis?”—in the very tones Pecksniff might have used when inviting his pupil’s notion of a grammar-school. Happily, the young man, played with really admirable spirit by Mr. GEORGE COLE, learns the truth about his senior partner after a nightmarish few hours, garnished with a genuine nightmare—Mr. BRIDIE’s one surprise—in the claret-hued vault of *Angelus*’s consult-

talk does not always cover a lack of action or, with one exception, a too obvious development of his theme.

Still, why be peevish? It is worth consulting *Dr. Angelus* to hear Mr. SIM observing in his richest graveside manner (with his mind on cadavers present and to come) that the medical profession must be free from any breath of scandal. And we certainly would not miss his cosy bedtime lecture on the theories of Francis Bacon. *Angelus* may be struck firmly off one professional register: on another he must hold a lamentably high place. Miss MOLLY URQUHART (temptation below stairs), Mr. CHARLES CARSON (the appalling *Sir Gregory Butt*), and Mr. ARCHIE DUNCAN (a credit to Glasgow’s police force) all help to fill the picture, and Mr. CARSON, indeed, does so in two senses. How he manages this is Mr. BRIDIE’s best—and almost his only—secret.

If Mr. BRIDIE has gone exploring in Sinister Street, then Mr. EDWARD PERCY has strayed into Queer Street and into a side turning at that, some distance from Sly Corner. We cannot say what persuaded this usually able dramatist to write so perplexing a farcical fantasy as *My Wives and I*. It begins when Miss ELIZABETH ALLAN toys with a weird clock that projects her into the future. The rest is a brand of nightmare odder (though less compelling) than that of Bridie’s *Dr. Johnson*. Mr. PERCY, presenting a world in which bigamy is legal, never gets any true comedy from the idea. We can only regret the waste of Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL’s dexterous production and of the matching performances of Miss ALLAN herself; Miss MARIE LOHR, in contralto majesty; Miss BARBARA MULLEN, a thrifty wee body from Aberdeen; Mr. JACK ALLEN, as likeable as ever; and Mr. GEORGE HOWE, at grips with an archdeacon devoted to farce’s archidiaconal functions.

J. C. T.



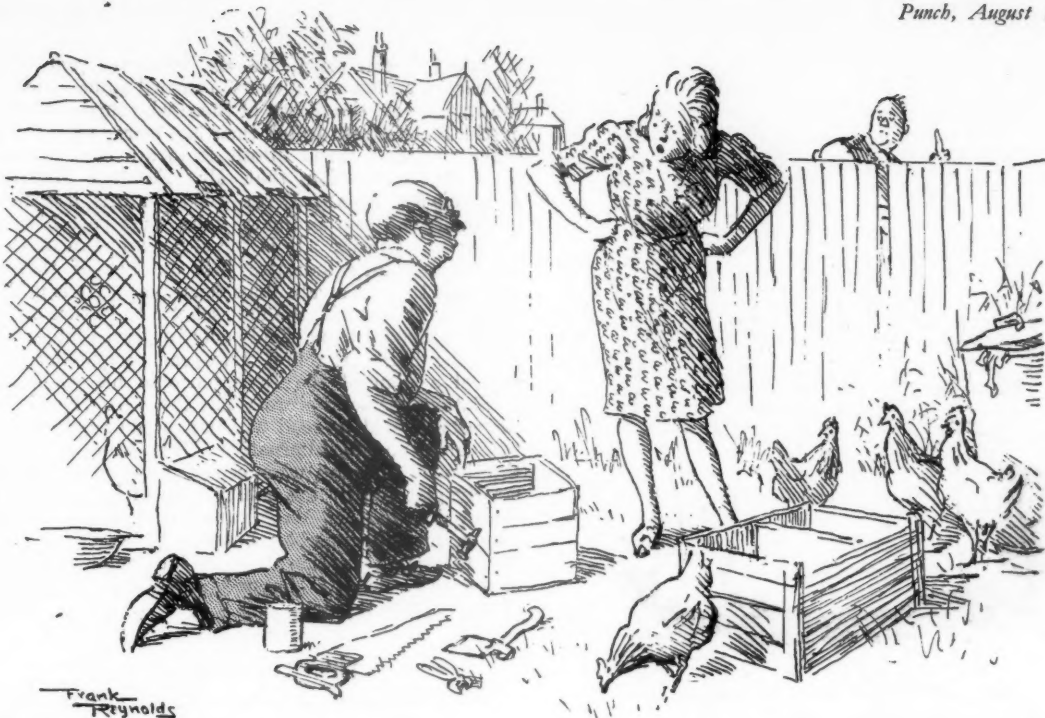
[*Dr. Angelus*]

A PAT ON THE HEAD FROM THE SENIOR PARTNER

Dr. Angelus Mr. ALASTAIR SIM
Dr. Johnson Mr. GEORGE COLE

ing-room. A good many unprofessional events occur in this room, beginning with a doctor’s dilemma in which *Johnson* must cope with a patient of a marked coming-on disposition—blithely expressed by Miss BETTY MARSDEN.

You will have gathered that Mr. BRIDIE has much sombre fun with a profession of which (thanks to his constant companion, *Dr. Mavor*) he can claim expert knowledge. Patients had, it seems, to pick their doctors with care in the Glasgow of 1919: they might easily have run into an *Angelus* or into a *Sir Gregory Butt*,



"If other birds can learn to make their own nests, Henry, I don't see why our hens shouldn't."

Trippers

TECHNICALLY, I believe, a tripper is a person who goes to a holiday resort for a single day, does what damage he can, and then retires home in the evening by coach or train, singing vulgarly. Sympson, however, applies the epithet to all the visitors who come down to Munton-on-Sea in the summer months, and he treats them as his natural enemies, thus flouting the instructions of our democratically-elected borough council, who are constantly pointing out that the entertainment of visitors is our only industry, and that without them we should starve. Sympson says he would rather starve than die of thirst.

Not that Sympson is a toper. He merely shares with Mrs. Gamp a desire for small quantities of alcoholic stimulant at regular intervals, not because he likes the taste of the stuff, but because he feels he works better after it, and he has learned on the best authority that he must either work or want.

Normally facilities for obtaining refreshment at Munton-on-Sea are adequate. We have three hostelrys, and for ten months of the year when Sympson enters one of them he is greeted with a cheerful smile from the person behind the bar, who draws

his half-pint of mild-and-bitter without waiting for verbal authority. In the holiday months, however, the visitors surge into our three local hostelrys as soon as they open, and Sympson has to force his way through a solid mass of people, all of them abominably red-faced and jolly and dressed in juvenile fashion, only to find when he eventually arrives panting at the bar that a horrible man in shorts and a beret has just consumed the last available drop of beer.

Lately he has adopted a stratagem quite unworthy of a hospitable place like Munton-on-Sea. He joins a queue outside a hostelry just before it opens, and gets into conversation with somebody who is obviously a visitor. Then he says: "The beer here isn't much good. I think I'll pop along to 'The Crown' at Munton Parva. Much better beer, and no crowd."

He then leaves the queue and walks off in the direction of Munton Parva, waiting until he is out of sight of the queue before he turns down a side street and works his way back to the original hostelry, where he finds the doors opening and the crowd dispersed, most of them having moved off in a body to Munton Parva, where they find to their chagrin that "The Crown"

was destroyed by enemy action in 1942.

My own attitude to visitors is very different. I feel that as a resident of Munton-on-Sea it is my duty to help in making their stay a happy one, and I treat them with invariable courtesy and consideration. I got into conversation with a charming family the other day—a blistered father, a desperately happy mother and a little girl with freckles and a bucket and spade. They were wandering about rather disconsolately, and they asked me the time. My jovial way of giving it them set them at their ease at once, and I was soon immersed in a discussion on the economic situation with the blistered father. I then thought that I would give them a taste of true Munton hospitality, and invited them to my house for a cup of tea. My wife played up smilingly, although she is rather ration-conscious and her smile had a forced look. They seemed to enjoy their tea immensely.

When they at last departed I asked them how long they were staying in Munton-on-Sea, and at which hotel they were stopping.

"We have lived here all our lives," they told me, "and our house is the end one in the next street."



"I do hope you'll forgive my appearance, but you know what this present-day elastic is like."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

George Orwell on the English

As was shown in *Animal Farm*, a satire warmed with poetic feeling, Mr. GEORGE ORWELL has to turn human beings into quadrupeds before he can feel really affectionate towards them. Viewed as bipeds they stimulate only his intelligence, which is at its most brilliant in *The English People* (COLLINS, 5/-), a survey in a few thousand words of the English attitude to politics, society, and morals, with, to conclude, a page or two of advice on how they must bear themselves if they wish to survive in the post-war world. Our salient characteristics, according to Mr. ORWELL, are artistic insensibility, gentleness, respect for legality, suspicion of foreigners, sentimentality about animals, hypocrisy, snobbishness and an obsession with sport. Some of these characteristics are worth preserving, especially the one which Mr. ORWELL describes as our "habit of not killing one another." Among the larger countries of to-day England, he says, is the only one where armed men do not prowl the streets and no one is frightened of the secret police. But our two great needs, both of which must be satisfied if we are to keep our feet in the modern world, are a greater respect for brains and a higher birth-rate. The second could be met by taxation graded to encourage child-bearing, the first requires a conscious effort at national re-education. If England is to survive, Mr. ORWELL concludes, it must find for itself and show to other nations the middle way between chaos and dictatorship.

H. K.

Boccaccio, "Rerum Occurrentium Arbiter"

In the year 1347 a band of Tartars, dying of bubonic plague, catapulted the dead bodies of their comrades into

a little Crimean town. In the following year Giovanni Boccaccio, a money-lender's son turned ambassador, began the *Decameron*, the record of those who turned their backs on the Black Death to tell their last merry tales before the grave engulfed them. Both feats are so contemporary in their application that Mr. FRANCIS MACMANUS'S *Boccaccio* (SHEED AND WARD, 16/-) confirms, if it were ever in doubt, the extraordinary value that past history has for present politics. It is therefore unfortunate that the publishers' blurb indicates just another of those Irish attempts to flout a ridiculous censorship. It is nothing of the sort. Boccaccio, the first scholar to lecture on Dante, the first humanist to defend poetry against Plato—but not, *pace* the blurb, the first European story-teller—was as typical a man of the Renaissance in his contemplative oscillations as Shakespeare. The *Decameron*, his biographer suggests, should be read with laughter or not at all—but tears are a possible alternative. It was not censored until the Council of Trent, when ecclesiastical *amour propre* was largely placated by the substitution of lay profligates for tonsured ones. Mr. MACMANUS's book is spiritually alert and admirably readable; but the instances in which he has translated mediæval verse into modern idiom are examples to deter. "Lassy" (for *giovanetta*) simply reeks of tartan and thistles.

H. P. E.

This Way to the Beach.

Breathes there a man who would not give up five or ten years of indifferent life to have been present at George the Third's first bathe? Weymouth was the favoured strand, and in 1789 the fateful machine was followed in its progress out into the ocean by a second in which, already wetting its lips and raising steam, the town band was secreted. An official guard of female attendants accompanied the expedition and wore purple sashes emblazoned with "God Save The King"; a severely practical exhortation, since those present would hardly have been capable of rescue. As the waters rose round the royal torso the musicians broke loyally into the anthem. It was, regrettably, a Sunday. This historic occasion is only one of many *flora* picked up on our beaches by Mr. CHRISTOPHER MARSDEN and neatly pressed in *The English at the Seaside*, the latest of COLLINS's Britain In Pictures Series. (The price is nowhere stated in the book, but an offer of 4/6 might be accepted.) He describes racily how the business of immersion began in deadly medical earnest at the "spaws," where the early hours of a winter morning were thought to be the least likely to prove fatal; how quackery gave way to fashion, from which sprang such extremes of insulated gentility and honest jollity as Eastbourne and Margate; and how the German passion for the sun, caught by pale-faced travellers after the last war, has made of the sea a poor second on its own ground and finally eliminated the last traces of Victorian modesty. Mr. MARSDEN eloquently evokes the memorable atmosphere of dingy lodgings, cheerful gluttony, clinking buckets, flies, family wrangles and frying fish. A well-chosen collection of prints illustrates his amusing little book, the title of which will inevitably cause hearts to burn beyond the border.

E. O. D. K.

The Early Quakers

In *Gulielma · Wife of William Penn* (LONGMANS, 15/-), Miss L. V. HODGKIN has skilfully put together out of contemporary letters and journals an account of some interesting persons in the early years of the Quaker movement. *Gulielma*'s mother, Mary Proude, was even as

a girl deeply influenced by the Puritanism of the decades before the Civil War, and found a like-minded husband in Sir William Springett, described by Audrey as "a young Gent. of Religion and Courage." The most moving pages in this book tell how he died from typhus at Arundel, which he had helped to capture from the Royalists. Mary had ridden through winter floods to be with him at the end, and her daughter, Gulielma, was born only a few weeks later. After her second marriage, to Isaac Pennington, Mary and her husband became Quakers, and it was in this faith, which exposed its adherents to intermittent persecution and occasional imprisonment, that Gulielma was brought up. William Penn, in his youth "a most modish Person," according to Pepys, was, after his conversion to Quakerism, a very suitable match for the beautiful Gulielma. But although Miss HODGKIN does her best with him, both before and after marriage, he does not come to life as a human being. Much more attractive, to the reader though not apparently to Gulielma, is Thomas Ellwood, Milton's friend, who, throughout her life, was always at hand when Gulielma needed his services, and, quenching "some Sparklings of Desire," turned himself into a steady and undemonstrative friend.

H. K.

South of Texas

The Pageant of Middle American History (LONGMANS, 21/-) is written from the point of view of the industrial "Good Neighbour," a slant which natives everywhere are regarding with a certain caution. Apart from the old-fashioned materialism of its outlook, ANNE MERRIMAN PECK's comprehensive history of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica—with Mexico and Panama thrown in—is extremely useful. Few of us could assign any of the lesser republics to their correct aborigines—Mayan, Toltec or Aztec: and fewer still to the conquistadors, filibusters and caudillos who have shaped—if you can call it shaped?—their course since the sixteenth century. Who was La Sin Ventura, the only woman governor of Spanish America? Who was William Walker, whose white beaver hat and fifty-eight "Immortals" were Nicaragua's chief patriotic exhibit in 1855? Who was Minor C. Keith who slew four thousand men making twenty-four miles of Costa-Rican railway? The average Englishman can only take refuge behind petroleum, bananas, chewing-gum, mahogany and coffee. Here, however, you have all the "worthies" from Cortes to Camacho, with feminism and "a policy of intelligent self-interest for foreign business firms to raise living standards" thrown in. There are delightful but too brief accounts of native *choses vues*, a good bibliography and a serviceable index.

H. P. E.

Guardians of our Annals

All over this island there is a pattern of churches, printed there, to the immense advantage of their descendants, from piety, pride or some other urge, by our rude forefathers, who, to judge from the three hundred and sixty-one fine photographs, taken specially for *Old Cheshire Churches* (BATSFORD, 6 guineas), and the four coloured illustrations, were seldom rude when it came to creating what seemed to them a worthy setting for their "sure and certain hope." Mr. RAYMOND RICHARDS has included in this magnificently produced volume the results of years of patient and loving study and exploration, and he makes it very clear that in many country towns and villages the church has been for centuries the centre of life that it still often is, and, as well, a guardian of annals gentle and

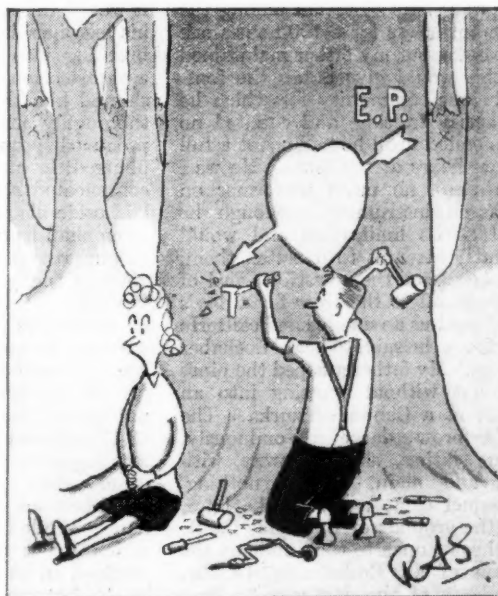
simple—sometimes of purely local importance, and sometimes linked with those of the whole country—such as can be found nowhere else. It has been a common practice to assign churches to certain periods or group them according to their architecture, but as everyone knows who has happily pottered through the countryside looking at its churches, many of them have at least one individual feature that gives them unique interest. Mr. RICHARDS will believe that no adverse criticism is implied in saying that his work is not too learned: he has kept an eye on the human associations of his sacred stones and timbers, and the result is a book that describes the churches of one county—Chester Cathedral is included—with a wealth of detail that will fill lovers of the churches of every other county with envy.

B. E. S.

From Pen to Chopper

An author, Nigel Ebbfleet who, after years of struggling that ended in the production of a best-seller, decides never to write again, is the hero-victim of Mr. JOHN RHODE's latest thriller, *Death of an Author* (GEOFFREY BLES, 8/6). As a widower with no children, he asked, "Why should I go on working at a job I've come to loathe for the benefit of those who have no claim on me?" So he retired to a country cottage, and split logs when he needed exercise. After his violent death in the wood-shed several people began to take interest in the money he had left behind him. There were (besides the nephew, who was his heir) an unknown stepson, a Polish count, and a boarding-house spinster who said she had been engaged to him. Mr. RHODE handles all these characters with his usual adroitness, allows us to feel a certain sympathy with the worst of them and introduces us to some delightful villagers. He adds another murder, some Black Market sidelines, and a little international intrigue in case we should have a dull moment. He does not, and that is all to the good, make things too easy for the amateur sleuth. In fact he has written a book that will please as much for the sake of the story as for the unravelling of mystery.

B. E. B.



A Journalist Remembers.

VII

IN the days of which I write, the woman journalist was something of a *rara avis*, so perhaps it was natural that of all my colleagues on *The Plough*, the one who aroused my keenest interest was Mrs. Leebie McQuhattie, who wrote our "Heard in the Cow-shed" column. It was not long after I had joined the paper that I ventured to ask her for some of her experiences.

"Before a humble weaver's cottage," began Mrs. McQuhattie, "a young girl is sitting, looking out over the quiet waters of the loch. Behind her towers the formidable bulk of Ben Huish. The firm chin is cupped in the palm of one hand, and the generous mouth, usually no stranger to laughter, is set in serious lines. Of what is she thinking?"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting, Mrs. McQuhattie," I said, "but I had hoped to go out to lunch in about half an hour, so I think it would be better if you could cast your narrative into a more pithy form."

Mrs. McQuhattie was the soul of good-nature and did not take my hint amiss. After a moment's thought she began again.

"It was my father's ambition," she said, "that I should make my mark upon the world through the medium of the bagpipes. 'The pipes will come to you,' he used to say, 'when I am no longer able to inflate them.' He had little enough time to give to his hobby. There was some agitation among the village hot-heads for a 100-hour week for weavers, but my father maintained that this would give Satan the foothold in our community for which he was eagerly waiting, and counted no day as ended until he had spent a full eighteen hours at the loom. He was, nevertheless, no mean performer on his chosen instrument, although he chafed at its limitations and would frequently attempt to overstep them. On one occasion the powerful Laird of Balcopple, off to the river for a day's fishing, paid us an unexpected call. He had a fancy, he said, to hear 'Lochaber No More.' My father grasped the pipes and burst without warning into an attempt at a Chopin Mazurka. The Laird's brow darkened ominously, but my father, skirling away with might and main, noticed nothing. The sequel came a few weeks later, when the grounds of Balcopple Castle were thrown open to the public on the occasion of an Embalmers' Outing. The climax of the day was to be a

lantern-lecture, given by one of the embalmers, with slides illustrating the finer points of his craft, and for this special invitations were issued by the Laird. My father, who had looked forward eagerly to this treat, received no invitation, and I could not help feeling that the Laird had withheld it to show his displeasure at what he considered a piece of presumption.

"This incident might well have set me against the pipes, but in any case I was already bent upon a literary career in consequence of a small success attained at the village Sunday School. A prize was offered for an essay on either 'A Day's Blackberrying' or 'Everlasting Torment.' I chose 'Everlasting Torment,' and gained first place. The prize was a box of matches, then something of a rarity. From that time I thought of nothing but writing.

"My first hint of success came two years later. Seeing an advertisement asking for stories, essays and poems, I dispatched two works—'Ode to a Buff Orpington' and 'Ivan the Terrible—Infancy.' By return of post I received a letter saying that both pieces showed vigour and originality and that they could be published if I would share the expenses. My share would be £5. Overjoyed though I was by this recognition of my talent, I felt that I was no nearer my goal. I had often heard my father say that after he had paid for rent, food and clothes, it was as much as he could do to keep his bagpipes in repair. 'It's ill work breaking into a threepenny-bit,' was a phrase often on his lips. However, I showed him the letter. After he had thoroughly mastered its contents he produced pen, ink and paper, and plunged, breathing heavily, into some complicated calculations. At last he laid aside his pen and rose to his feet. 'You shall have the money,' he cried, turning resolutely to his loom, 'on the 25th of next July come seventeen years!'

"Of course it was quite out of the question for me to accept such a sacrifice. I wrote asking for the return of my work, ignored fresh offers of publication for £4 10s., and then for £3 17s. 6d., and threw myself once more into my writing. My first real triumph came when the *Tipwinkie Argus* published an account of a farmers' dance. While I waited for my payment, which I felt must be substantial, I received an unpleasant letter from one of the farmers who had attended the

dance, complaining of the way in which I had referred to him. I had written: 'A determined rush to the refreshment-room was headed by the veteran farmer Macdonald of Tommydoun.' I was still hesitating as to whether to reply when the payment for my work arrived, banishing the affair from my mind, since it consisted of half a pound of dulse. This was a heavy blow. Fond though I was of this palatable and nutritious seaweed, it seemed an unstable base upon which to rear a fortune. I wrote to the editor asking whether future payments would be on the same scale. He replied that if I became a regular contributor I might eventually expect a pound for a thousand words. Fearing to waste his time, I wrote 'Sterling?' on a card, and posted it. He replied 'Of dulse.'

"In a desperate mood I sat down and wrote a letter to the editor of the *Sculptor's Chronicle*, in London, asking for a position on the paper. I enclosed my 'Buff Orpington' and my 'Everlasting Torment,' said that I was a journalist of wide experience, and added recklessly that I was no mean hand at the bagpipes. By return of post I received a reply signed 'Hamish McQumpha' and asking whether I felt that I could write a column on 'Yoga.' Ready to promise anything, I replied boldly that I could, though I thought at the time that Mr. McQumpha referred to some newfangled card-game. Within a week I was on my way to London, my father having raised the fare by pawning his bagpipes.

"From the *Sculptor's Chronicle*, which Mr. McGargle, our present editor, resuscitated as *The Soil*, I came to this paper, then known as *The Handywoman*.

"And the rest," concluded Mrs. McQuhattie, as I glanced at my watch and reached for my hat, "you know."

o o

"For sale, best part of Hove."

Advt. in "The Times."

Offers, Mr. Silkin?

o o

Reply sent by a War Agricultural Committee to an application for a permit for wire netting to keep out rabbits:

"War Agricultural Executive Committee, County Hall, Lewes, might be able to help you with a permit for rabbits, or their Pests Officer, might help with the destruction of same."

So it's up to you. What exactly do you want to happen?



NORMAN MANSBRIDGE

"I don't like leaving the house empty."

The Three Beards

I **TOUGHT** to explain to all readers that the title of this article bears little or no relation to the subject-matter, owing to a misunderstanding between myself and my wife, who acts as part-time stenographer to me. In this particular case I was intending to relate the old story of the three bears, but due to the misunderstanding aforesaid it came out on the title-page in the form seen above. Fortunately, perhaps, the title-page is all I ever dictate to my wife, as she is not very proficient and I cannot spare the time to dictate more. It seemed a pity to waste the page when paper is so short, so here I am writing about the three bears instead of the three bears. Probably it is all for the best. A good many people must already be familiar with the story of the three bears.

When I found myself thus committed to write about the three bears I was in a quandary, not knowing what three bears they were. I therefore made a neat list of all the possible bears I could think of, which list I append:

- (1) Bluebeard's blue beard.
- (2) W. G. Grace's beard.
- (3) Old Man's Beard (*alias* Traveler's Joy or Clematis).
- (4) Johann Mayo's beard. (This is reputed to have touched the floor when he stood upright, and is obviously not a beard that can be omitted from any comprehensive list.)
- (5) The beard of the prophet.
- (6) The beard of the lion in his den.

The foregoing beards, it will readily be seen, amount to six in all, or three in excess of my requirements. I spent two days trying to reduce the number

to three, and only succeeded in increasing it to seven, by remembering the pard that Shakespeare's Soldier was bearded like. Then it occurred to me that the three beards I was writing about were probably my own beards.

It is an undoubted fact that I have had three beards, though by no means all at the same time. All three beards have, by an odd coincidence, been a kind of ginger-brown, and all are now things of the past. My first, or maiden, beard I grew largely out of curiosity, to see (a) if I could, and (b) what it looked like. The result satisfied me on both points. There is little else that can be said about this beard. It was in no way remarkable.

My second beard occurred during a prolonged fit of mumps, when the area of my face grew so large that I was quite discouraged from shaving it. Usually I go round my face in seventy-four strokes, although more than once, when in form, I have cracked seventy. A cursory survey of my bemumped face showed me that I should require at least double the normal number of strokes, and of course a corresponding amount of lather. I therefore did not shave. I was not feeling particularly fussy about my appearance, anyway. The beard came out very much like Holbein's interpretation of Henry VIII's beard, which, I suppose, was what gave my wife the idea of painting me.

The portrait was not an unqualified success, because the sittings extended from a few days before the mumps' peak stage to a few days after. Somewhat irritably my wife said she was probably the only portrait-painter in

history who had had to contend with an expanding and contracting head. When the portrait was finished we both disliked it so intensely that we submitted it to the Royal Academy summer exhibition, with a false name and address so that when they returned it it wouldn't come back to us. This strategy was successful. The portrait was not hung, and we have never seen it from that day to this. It is a sobering thought that some retired black-marketeer has probably bought me as an ancestor.

My third and final beard was a strictly utilitarian affair arising out of the razor-blade famine of 'forty-three. In many ways, this was my most successful beard, the two previous efforts having given me much useful practice. All the same, I missed my daily shave, as I was in the habit of burying my old blades under the hydrangea. I had read somewhere that this manoeuvre, properly executed, turned the hydrangea flowers a beautiful shade of blue; but it never did with mine, mainly because the hydrangea cut its roots severely on the buried razor-blades and went into a decline from which it never recovered. It seems a pity, looking back, that the hydrangea could not have managed to hang on just a little longer, until I had no razor-blades to bury.

I have no other beard to write of. Those three were sufficient. I should not have brought them up now if it had not been for my wife's stenographing. I offer my sincere apologies to all readers who would rather have read about the three bears than the three beards. Some other time, perhaps.



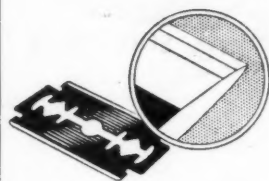
"Not CHEAP seats, darling—THAT won't help pay for the American loan."

NOTICE.—Contributions or communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

**Gillette
put
shoulders
behind
each edge!**



2/6 FOR 10 INCL. TAX



Every edge sharper than a surgeon's scalpel, shaped in three facets, forming supporting shoulders to make it more durable. Precision-tested at every stage. Gillette's ceaseless research proves this the best way to make blades—for shaves that are quicker, better-looking and more economical.

**'Good Mornings'
begin with Gillette**

**"Brushes, tooth, Wisdom,
know the drill" says the Army.**

Wisdom's straight
line head brings all
its tufts into action
at once.

Tufts paraded in
open order easily
clean between
teeth.

This handle
makes Wisdom
cushy to use at any
angle. The bent
shoulder brings
the butt into line
with the top of
tufts.

REGD.

Wisdom

THE CORRECT-SHAPED TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

Protect our good Name



**You
can
trust**

In every Goodyear department there hangs the motto 'Protect our good name'. It is a constant reminder that only by keeping Goodyear's standards of research, testing, design and manufacture at the very peak will Goodyear preserve their world leadership in rubber!

GOOD YEAR



Bach —

or Boogie



YOU CAN HEAR whichever you like with equal realism — on a Ferranti receiver. The serene soft interweavings of the "Concerto for Two Violins" — or the battering anger of a boogie-woogie bass — sounding as they were meant to sound.

And, what's more, you can depend on your set for trouble-free listening. For Ferranti sets are made to be reliable. If you should ever need repairs or replacements, remember Ferranti dealers are good dealers — men who provide real service.



Ferranti Ltd

MOSTON MANCHESTER 10;
AND 36 KINGSWAY LONDON WC2

SING SOLO...



and remember

SOLO

also means

REAL ORANGE JUICE



DISCRIMINATING HOUSEWIVES ask for **SOLO** Jam & Marmalade

The last man in, and four to make . . .

"Oh well played, Sir! a piece of cake!"

But still one thing to make the day

A perfect one in every way;

And that we can attain with ease . . .

"Two Gin and VOTRIX

if you please!"



VOTRIX VERMOUTH

SWEET **9/3** OR DRY



You lucky people!

Those of you who are able to laze in the sunshine and quench your thirst with sparkling mineral waters are lucky indeed. But remember bottles are scarce, so the only way to ensure a good supply all round is to take back the empties as soon as you've finished with them. Remember also that, even though you've paid a deposit on it, the bottle is only loaned to you and belongs rightly to the manufacturer whose name it bears



Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Limited, 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1



**Shaves
for Life
by a
KROPP**

No more shaving worries—if you use a KROPP Razor. The KROPP gives you a quick, clean shave, every day of your life. It's a craftsman's razor — British made from finest Sheffield steel.

The Ideal GIFT for a Man.

14/-, including purchase tax. Of Hairdressers, Cutlers & Stores. Please send 2d. stamp for Booklet 160.

OSBORN, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1



WE'LL SOON HAVE
SOME HONEY

for someone
to eat . . . with
Hovis and butter
for tea.

SENATOR

American Blend
COFFEE

FRESH AS THE HOUR
IT WAS PACKED



Tetley 1837

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., LTD., LONDON & NEW YORK

**AN ORCHARD
IN YOUR LARDER**



bottled
in jam jars with

GRAHAM FARISH

SNAP CLOSURES

The Snap Closure method of bottling fruit is the easiest, best and safest of all methods, saves your valuable 'points', and assures you of delicious fruit dishes throughout the winter months.

2/6 a packet,
11b. or 2lb.
size. Sufficient
for 12 jars.

GRAHAM FARISH LTD
BROMLEY & STAPLEHURST - KENT

Branches at:
Perry Road, Park Row BRISTOL & 2 South King ST MANCHESTER



Not a scratch on her coachwork
New? Why, she's ten years old!

That's KARPOL for you!

Cleans as it polishes



August

August is the popular holiday month—it opens with Bank Holiday weekend, and a Bank Holiday means a holiday for all. Yet as we journey to escape the prosaic world of affairs the services which a great bank affords are ready to meet the leisure mood. Money can be available wherever we may go; our instructions for regular payments must be met even in absence, and it is reassuring to know that precious smaller possessions can be left with the bank for safe custody. Before going on holiday, it is wise to consider whether you are making the fullest use of all the services which this modern bank affords.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

You don't hear chauffeurs
asking for 'PLUGS'—

THE WORD IS

K.L.G



K.L.G. CORUNDITE SPARKING PLUGS

K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Ltd., Cricklewood Works, London, NW2

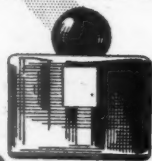
36

Try **MACKESON'S** Stout
You'll like it better!





PERFUMES
THAT LONG OUTLAST
THE PASSING HOUR



Goya

161 NEW BOND ST. LONDON W.1

SAUCES
MADE FOR
THE
CONNOISSEUR
by
Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE

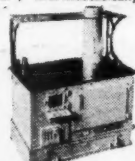
EFFICIENT COOKING and HEATING

THE "KOOKSJOIE" Anthracite Range
is economical and reliable; constant
supply of hot water; thermostatically
controlled cooking.

Order now for
delivery in about
12 months.

Prices from
£32. 13. 6

Send for illustrated
catalogue 525.



THE LONDON WARNING Co., Ltd.
2 Percy St., Rathbone Pl., London, W.1

EPHEDROL

RELIEVES CATARRH,
COLDS & HAY FEVER

A "sniff" at bedtime
clears the nasal passages

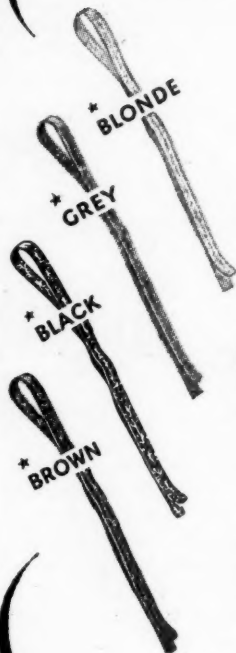
Chemists, 3/6 & 3/4 (including
Purchase Tax) or post-free from

CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD.
LIVERPOOL. Est. 1813.



C.E.Sb

Hair Grips that *tone* with your hair



All the newest hair-styles demand
the unique Blend-Rite Grips which
are as nearly invisible as can be—
with the texture and tone of hair.
They grip and never slip, with the
all-day-long security of highly
tempered spring steel.

Blend-Rite

TEXTURE-FINISHED HAIR-TONED
HAIR GRIPS

Brit. Pat. No. 425446

Neweys make fastenings for all the
world—for the hair, for clothing,
corsets, leather goods, furnishings,
for nearly everything that fastens.
Hooks & Eyes, Snap Fasteners,
Pins, Clasps, Buckles—If it Fastens,
Neweys make it.

NEWY BROTHERS LTD.
BREARLEY ST; BIRMINGHAM

EXCUSE ME...
**Inner
Cleanliness**
comes first



ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/-

REFRESHING · TONIC · LAXATIVE

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

25,000
meals are needed
daily for the
7,500 children in
these Homes.

Gifts of
10/-

will feed one child
for seven days.
Please be host to
a girl or boy
for a week.



Dr. Barnardo's Homes do not receive Family
Allowances for the children in their care.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr.
Barnardo's Homes," addressed 4 Barnardo
House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR MOWER MANUFACTURERS
CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD.

ATCO

MOTOR MOWERS

If there are still Atco Owners with
machines to be serviced arrangements can
be made with their Atco Depots to have this
work done between mowings.

To have satisfied everyone who
wanted a new Atco this year, to the
detriment of service to Atco Owners,
would not only have been impossible (the
demand was so great) but contrary to the
obligation to life-long service acknow-
ledged with the sale of every Atco to
present and prospective Owners alike.

CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD.
Whitworth Works, Birmingham, 9

FERNANDEZ FINO



PRODUCE OF SPAIN

NOW OBTAINABLE IN
LIMITED SUPPLIES
ASK YOUR RETAILER

I could have hugged
him, Mr. Barratt!



I'd got the coupons, I'd got my holiday money. The only thing I hadn't got were the shoes. And then your manager produced these—so perfectly *mine* that I might have designed them myself. They say one swallow doesn't make a summer, Mr. Barratt, but two gay little shoes have helped to make mine!

Walk the Barratt way

Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country



Leander was so thirsty that he leapt into "the drink". Now, if he'd had an amphora of Pimm's No. 1, the Original Gin Sling, he could have stayed ashore and Hero would have crossed the Hellespont to share it with him. By Galley she would!

Pimm's No. 1

The Original Gin Sling

WINE MERCHANTS HAVE LIMITED SUPPLIES FROM TIME TO TIME AT 27/6 PER BOTTLE



BY APPOINTMENT
SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES, RECORDS AND RADIO APPARATUS
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



For those who must have quality and
are prepared to pay a little more for it

Meet us at
RADIOLYMPIA
OCT 1-11

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND

WHAT THE EYE DOESN'T SEE...



If you had x-ray
eyes you would know
at once that this is a good
mattress because it is padded
with Curled Hair—the springiest, most hygienic filling
you can get. But as human eyesight is not all that
penetrating you would be wise just to ask "What's
inside?" before choosing upholstered furniture.

INSIST ON

CURLED HAIR

FOR COMFORT AND ECONOMY



Timber and furniture installed in many modern homes today contain wood borers in an active state. Priceless furniture or the cheapest flooring can, and all too often does, house these voracious, soft-bodied grubs. A certain and permanent cure for the worst cases of parasite infection and fungoid diseases is the use of RENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID—used and recommended by leading architects and wood preservation specialists. Not one case of reinfestation has occurred after treatment by RENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID.

Obtainable from all Stores
1/8, 3/-, 5/6 per bottle or tin.
Manufactured by
RENTOKIL LTD.,
148/170 Stockwell Road, S.W.9
and Fetcham, Surrey.

**RENTOKIL
TIMBER FLUID**

Combining DDT

for the DEAF

a great advance
in hearing aids

Until now the great benefits of AMPLIVOX Hearing Aids have been available only in instruments of up to 4 lbs. in weight. Today miniature valves and batteries give the same superlative hearing in the AMPLIVOX Omnipac weighing only 7 ounces.

- ★ THE SIZE OF A PACK OF CARDS
- ★ COMPLETE WITH BATTERIES
- ★ INCONSPICUOUS EARPIECE
- ★ CRYSTAL CLEAR REPRODUCTION
- ★ LONG DISTANCE PICK-UP

YOU, TOO, can enjoy life again with an AMPLIVOX.

Please call or write for particulars to
AMPLIVOX LTD., 2 Bentinck Street,
London, W.1 (WELbeck 2591).
Branches at Cardiff, Liverpool,
Newcastle, Glasgow and Leeds.

AMPLIVOX LTD
MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS

SD2 for the treatment of SKIN AILMENTS

GUARANTEE: Cost refunded if not satisfied, on return of empty bottle to makers. Price 5/- (packet size 20, family size 4/6). If your Chemist cannot supply write to—

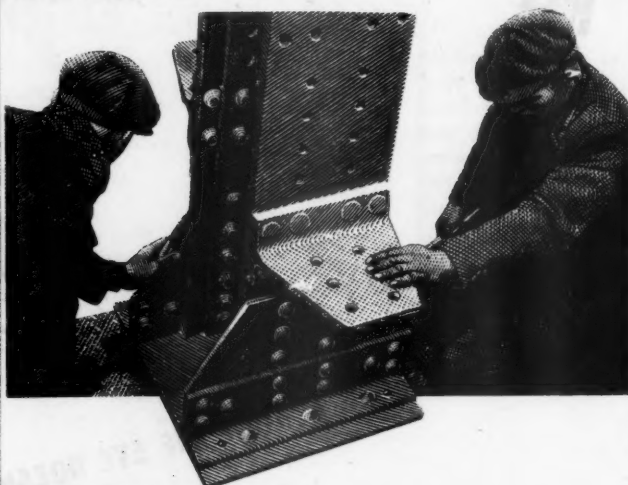
BIO-COLLOIDS LTD.
Bridgewater Laboratories
ALTRINGHAM - Cheshire

SHERWOODS PAINTS LTD BARKING ESSEX Rippleway 3001

**SHERWOODS
PAINTS**

Still leading in technical
development and obtainable for urgent preservation
work for industrialists or decorators

We build in steel



SPEED AND STEEL
the two words are
synonymous in building. Steel frame structures are not only rapid in erection themselves, they have the added virtue of enabling the other activities of the building programme to go ahead without waste of time.

**BANISTER,
WALTON & CO.
LTD.**

STRUCTURAL STEEL

RIVETED ★ WELDED

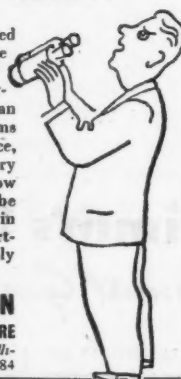
LONDON, S.W.1 • 82 Victoria St. MANCHESTER 17 • Trafford Park. BIRMINGHAM 15 • 192 Broad St

What is an Invisible Asset?



Wherever Solvents are used in any quantity, the wastage caused by evaporation is really an invisible asset. Fortunately it is an asset that can readily be translated into terms of pounds, shillings and pence, with the aid of a Solvent recovery plant. If you would like to know if solvent recovery would be a worth while proposition in your case, our advisory department is always willing to supply the necessary information.

**SUTCLIFFE SPEAKMAN
& COMPANY LTD., LEIGH, LANCASHIRE**
London Office: Godliman House, Godliman Street, E.C. 4. 'Phone: City 9284



Disappearing Act

Those spots and stains on dresses, suits, hats, etc., disappear like magic with the help of

**SCRUBB'S
Dry Cleaner**

Simple to use — no hard work. Why should anyone look untidy or shabby when it's so easy to keep clothes looking fresh and bright? **2/-**



There's a good name behind it.

Made by the Makers of SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA.

Famous for 80 years.

THE TOWER SUITE

The famous Tower Suite of the Branksome Tower Hotel commands especially a feature enjoyed by most of the self-contained suites—magnificent views over the Solent to the Purbecks and the Isle of Wight. The ten acres of thickly wooded grounds belonging to the hotel, provide the perfect blend of seaside and country. This internationally known Hotel needs no introduction to knowledgeable travellers or people of standing. It continues to hold a high and honourable place among the best Hotels of Britain.

**BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH**

'Phone: Bournemouth 4900

'Grams:

Branksome Tower, Bournemouth

Patronised by Royalty

TSI

RATCHET & REVOLUTION COUNTERS



Send for
Leaflet No. 18/5
Speeds up to
6,000 r.p.m.

B. & F. CARTER & Co., Ltd., Bolton 22



Dogs prefer
**SPILLERS
SHAPES**

ROLLS-ROYCE

are supplied with

CHAMPION
PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG CO. LTD.

FELTHAM • MIDDLESEX

CRITTALL WINDOWS

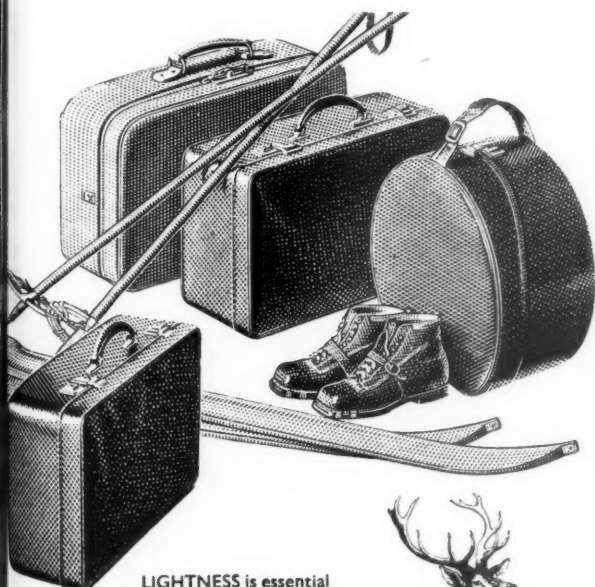


FOR THE NEW HOUSES

By specifying STANDARD metal windows—from British Standard 990—you ensure highest quality, lowest cost and quickest delivery.

Ask for leaflet 115 B.

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.
BRAINTREE, ENGLAND



ANTLER

LIGHTNESS is essential in travel goods—and Antler has always led in this respect—but to combine it with strength takes the skill and experience of Antler workmanship. Unmistakable, too, is the beauty of line, finish and quality of Antler travel goods; yet you'll be surprised how inexpensive they can be.

The most distinguished name in Travel Goods

B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM 3



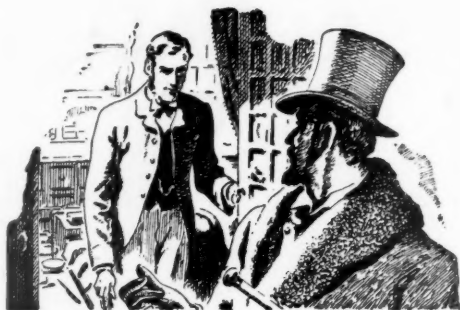
BRITAIN
MUST
MECHANISE



IT SEEMS LATE in the day to point out that where heavy loads have to be shifted and lifted, the motor is more powerful and more economical than the man. But who can deny that a substantial volume of man-hours is lost through primitive handling and trundling of raw materials and goods under process!

Yet Britain has a truck which, in the hands of one man, will handle up to 800 tons of heavy material in a day; lifting, carrying, hoisting, stacking and loading; everywhere speeding production by saving money, labour, time and space. Learn more about it from Dept. J/T

COVENTRY CLIMAX
COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED,
WIDDINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY
Fork Trucks



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. To-day, when a leaf tobacco tax—flat, but how steep!—imposes the same duty on lesser cigarettes as on the greatest, what even more excellent value a Marcovitch offers!



Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 3/- - 25 for 5/-

**Also BLACK AND WHITE
SMOKING MIXTURE**

2 oz. tin 9/-

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

This is the shape

and size

of

Weston's

Chocolate

Table Fingers



but it's the test of taste that matters. So smooth and rich is the chocolate, so crisp and good is the biscuit inside. And you get 20 or more in a quarter pound! Your grocer may not always have them, but when he can supply you, how delightfully you will be rewarded for asking. Price 2/4d. a pound.

Weston's

Chocolate Table Fingers